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AUGUST 1968

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Los Angeles Wolves defeated San Diego Toros 1-0 in San Diego. Wolves defenders are Gilson Metidieri (11), Tony Knapp (5), Malcolm White (goalkeeper) and Ed Reeves (6). (UPI)

World News in Pictures

Sweden goalkeeper Sven Gunnar Larsson with his wife Margita when she visited him in St. George's Hospital, London after he had been injured playing for his country against England at Wembley. (UPI)

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

84-87 TEMPLE CHAMBERS, LONDON, E.C.4., ENGLAND 01-583 2855

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

England and Manchester United hero Bobby Charlton leaves Colin Bell of Manchester City in his wake. (Green)

WORLD SOCCER is published monthly by Echo Publications (London) Ltd., 84-87 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Carlton Press, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be gladly received for consideration, providing such items (articles or photographs) are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility will be accepted for the return of manuscripts or photographs if this condition is not observed. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or injury during transit.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES for One Year are as follows: £2 1s. 0d. (U.S.A. and Canada 6 dollars).

OVERSEAS CIRCULATION: Agents in all countries are urgently needed to help develop the circulation of WORLD SOCCER. Distributing organisations and individual circulation specialist interested in handling WORLD SOCCER at very favourable terms should contact The Circulation Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 84-87 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4.

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Edu attempts to race past Pivarnik. (EB)

An on-the-spot report on the new Brazilian squad from ERIC BATTY in Prague

WHEN the Brazilians' reputation collapsed at Goodison Park in 1966, their failure created world wide surprise and if too much attention was paid to the fact that Pelé was literally kicked out of the series the responsible officials of the CBD didn't want to encourage anyone to look more deeply than that into the causes of failure.

That the Brazilians flopped should not really have been a surprise to those like myself whose job it is to follow the world game closely but until three months before the 1966 World Cup began the CBD had done little or nothing to prepare their squad. Fielding a team only intermittently they gave few people a chance to scrutinise them closely. The result of all this was that they were judged largely on the strength of reports emanating from Brazil and written by Brazilians, who like our own British press are more than a little inclined to wave the flag.

At Liverpool I saw all three Brazilian games during which time Feola switched his players desperately. Giving a game to almost every man in his squad, Feola finally revealed for all to see, just how poor was the hand he held. Eight years earlier in Sweden, Feola had found himself in a position very similar to that which faced him in Liverpool after his team had lost to Hungary. With one game to play, Brazil had to beat Portugal or be eliminated. In Sweden, when Brazil had failed to score against England, Feola dipped into his bag of reserves to produce two unknowns who became world class stars overnight. Pelé and Garrincha proved to be jokers and turned what was a good hand based on a very sound defence, into an outstanding one. At Goodison, Feola scraped the bottom of his bag — failed as he probably knew he would fail, to find a joker and couldn't even come up with an ace. His cupboard was bare, his team a shambles and the Brazilians went home in disgrace.

To over-emphasise the importance of kicking Pelé is to miss the vital points which were in evidence during the last World Cup. Gylmar the 'keeper who had been great in 1958 was over the top and the defence was wide open whenever a "front" player moved. In midfield there was nothing, not even the shadow of a Didi or a Zito while the attack barely moved without Pelé. Only in the dead ball situations close to goal was their basic skill in evidence. There the Brazilians could make use of their swerve and shooting power without active opposition.

In summary, the Brazilians had nothing to offer in 1966, save the magic of Pelé who could never have been expected to make up for all his colleagues' shortcomings. Much of their difficulties were brought upon themselves by the CBD for early in 1966 they had at their disposal a combination of old players who had been great and youngsters who were inexperienced.

DIGESTED

Having digested many of the lessons learned the hard way in 1966, the Brazilians rightly resolved to send a new young team to Europe this year. They could hardly have sent any other kind of team for the only 1958 veterans still active in Brazil were goalkeeper Gylmar (a reserve with Santos) and right-back Djalma Santos. Though still playing well at 37 for Palmeiras and by all accounts playing an important part in helping the club into the final of the South American Champions' Cup, Djalma Santos was included against Uruguay only in order to boost his total appearances to the 100 mark. A great player by any standards he richly deserves the honour of being the first to reach this figure for Brazil.

With no foundations on which to build, Aymore Moreira wisely started again from scratch. Every man in the squad which came to Europe is young enough to play in Mexico and the greater part of them will be at their peak six years hence when the World Cup is staged in West Germany. The problems for Moreira are simply stated — how many of this squad will be good enough to win in 1974 and how many will be ready four years earlier?

My answer is . . . "not many" but when I put the question to Mr. Moreira he seemed more optimistic. Eight or ten of the 1968 touring party will be in the squad for Mexico. He would go no further than that. He would not say that eight or ten would be in the 1970 team — only in the squad — but he said it all without any sign of real conviction.

On paper the Brazilians' European performances look good: played 5, won 3 and lost 2 for a goals tally of 13 to 8. The two games which were lost can be explained away very simply for in reality it is too much to expect South Americans to be at their best less than three days after a long and tiring journey across the Atlantic. They need time to adjust themselves to European conditions and before the clash with West Germany at Stuttgart, this was denied the tourists.

The second defeat came in the third match after a morale-boosting 6-3 win over Poland by which time they should have begun to settle. The conditions in Bratislava where they lost 3-2 to Czechoslovakia were good, almost ideal for them. The pitch was covered with grass, but dry and hard underneath, while the sky was blue and the temperature in the 80's. That Brazil could have won I have no doubt, and probably would have but for two terrible mistakes by goalkeeper Felix, but on what I saw in Bratislava I would be far less optimistic than Aymore Moreira if it were my responsibility to lead Brazil to Mexico in 1970.

WRIGGLED

After only three minutes, right-winger Natal wriggled past Hagara, side-stepped Horvath just inside the box and hit a shot past Viktor which the Czech 'keeper probably didn't see. At all events he made no move towards the ball. The Brazilians were clearly delighted and at this point full of confidence. Less than two minutes later, goalkeeper Felix made the first of his two terrible mistakes — fielding an easy ball, and then bouncing it while looking around for a colleague to whom he could throw, he let the ball slip from his grasp. Adamec, who was standing only a yard and a half away could hardly believe his luck but he recovered sufficiently to thrust out a foot and roll the ball into the empty goal.

Having lost their lead in ridiculous circumstances the Brazilians still looked very confident. At this time Gerson was demonstrating all his skill in midfield and flighting his accurately dropped long balls just right for the flying wingers Natal and Edu. Natal proved to be a big surprise for while he was no mean player in possession he also showed that he could play without the ball.

Edu on the other flank is obviously talented but far from being the boy-wonder he was said to be a year ago.

One early move inspired by Natal almost brought another goal (see Diagram) but Tostao finished poorly and sent a high cross far beyond the goal. Jairzinho 9, dropped deep to meet Gerson 4, and taking a

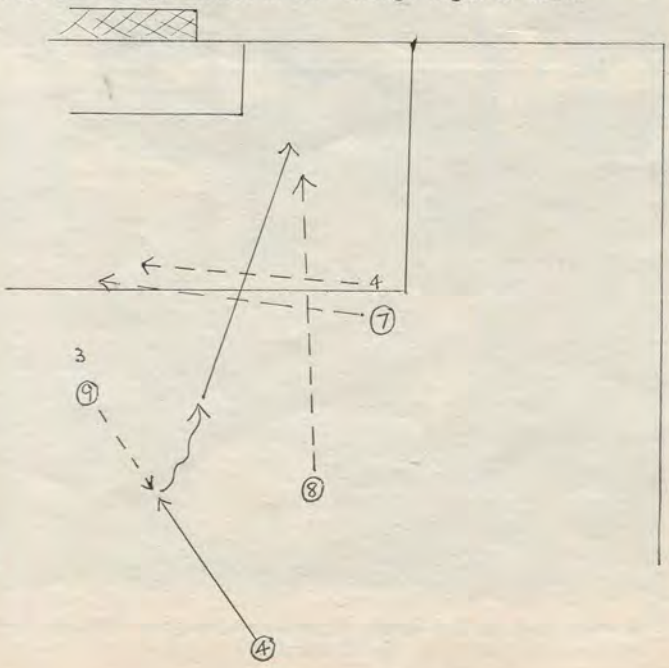
BRAZIL RESULTS LOOK GOOD —ON PAPER!

pass at his feet without opposition he turned and brought the ball on. Natal 7, timing his run to perfection steamed across the Czech defensive line and left space on the right into which Tostao 8, moved to sprint after a nicely laid pass from the centre-forward. This was one of the few occasions when the Brazilian attack moved as a cohesive unit, but it was by no means the only interesting situation inspired by Natal.

In possession, Natal is a cross between a younger edition of Garrincha with something of the style shown by Johnstone of Celtic. Not quite an aeroplane — but a bit quick; not yet an artist but able to move past his man with ease and above all he looks around and runs well when not in possession. This last mentioned ability he obviously acquired from his club Cruzeiro of Belo Horizonte where the boss is Airton Moreira, brother of the CBD coach. He didn't get it from Aymore, firstly because on a tour like this, there is precious little time for training and secondly because it was made clear in Bratislava that his colleagues didn't think about the game in the same way that Natal did. Very often, Natal would steam off alone to make space and when his colleagues failed to respond, the winger would spend the next few moments gesticulating and obviously explaining what should have happened. As far as Natal is concerned it is clear that he looks, he thinks and he moves. I like him.

Brazil's back four were only just adequate, although as individuals I had seen three of them before and liked them. Rildo at left-back was the one bright player on the 1964 tour and he had a particularly good game against England. Carlos Roberto and Brito I saw later but was also impressed by them. As individuals they have improved but as a unit they fail to weld themselves tightly enough. The odd man is missing obviously, for Joel looked very suspect at times. Mid-way through the first-half at Bratislava he clobbered a high-bouncing ball and intending to clear he came close to giving Felix a heart attack. Joel swung at the ball and mis-cued to send the ball spinning away to the far side of the goal where it rebounded into play from the crossbar.

Very big, and talented for such a strongly built man Joel is inclined to be over-robust and a little hesitant. Allowed to do things at his own speed he impresses but under pressure his failings begin to show.



Given a top class defensive wing-half, the defensive unit could be transformed but I doubt if Joel will prove to be the man required.

In the second-half Eduardo replaced Edu on the left-wing while Szikora came on for Geleta who has been out of form for some weeks. Edu had been disappointing not because he is untalented but because his reputation appears to have overrated him. Not so quick and, apparently, reluctant to go inside he has a great deal of talent but never seemed to get away from his opponent and break free. His successor Eduardo fared even worse if anything and overall the right flank of the Czech defence had an easy afternoon.

Not so Hagara at left-back for Czechoslovakia. Big, strong and more than useful he plays left centre-back for Spartak Trnava but seemed to lack the greater mobility demanded from full-backs. He had a rare handful in Natal and if he seemed to get slightly the better of their individual duels later in the game he was frequently drawn out of position when Natal moved off the ball. Hagara himself had little choice, but the Czech defence failed to cover up the space and it was through this failure that allowed Carlos Roberto to move up and score Brazil's second goal.

AWARDED

Carlos Roberto had been quite active in attack throughout the game and early in the second-half he moved up late when Brazil were awarded a free-kick for a foul on Natal. The winger took the kick himself, playing it back to Carlos Roberto and ran away across the pitch . . . taking Hagara with him. The Brazilian back looked up and crossed the ball to the near post where Viktor managed to turn it away. Following up after crossing the ball, Carlos Roberto found himself quite alone and unmolested and with all the time he needed he hit home the rebound.

Now it was the turn of Felix to produce his juggling act again. With Brazil once more in the lead at 2-1 he took only five minutes to turn the scales again. From fully thirty-five yards Adamec let loose with one of his left foot pile-drivers — well placed but hardly a real bomb from that range. Felix moved across in plenty of time, reached up and got both hands to the ball . . . held it for a fraction of a second and then seemed to throw the ball over his shoulder and into the net. 2-2.

With the game going gradually to sleep in the heat and everyone apparently content with a draw, Szikora put Frantisek Veseley away on the right. An orthodox cross and some slack marking within the Brazilian defence and there was Adamec standing alone to head the ball home from around eight yards. He hit it just right and this time Felix had no chance, but Adamec won't get an easier hat-trick if he plays to be a hundred.

FAILURES

With the failures on the left-wing and neither of the two centre-forwards really looking dangerous the Brazilian attack seldom looked really dangerous except when Natal was in command. Tostao looks as if he could get goals but be needs someone else to make the chances for him. His partner up the middle was Jairzinho, a little bit quick and giving me the feeling that he wouldn't be easy to subdue by kicking.

This is an important point of course for on a friendly tour like this, Moreira and the CBD officials can only get some idea of how the talent shows in Europe. If they come again for serious play — that is with big bonuses flying around there'll be a lot more physical challenge and a great deal of intimidatory kicking. No one kicks in friendlies of this nature, and no one will know how the present squad will take it until the serious business begins in Mexico. Then it could be too late.

Apart from his two terrible lapses I rather liked goalkeeper Felix. He moved well around the penalty area, and several times came out well in anticipation of square balls into shooting positions. One such advance to go down on a pass pulled back for Kabat to hit was really brilliant and it would not surprise me if we saw him again in the CBD colours. Were he not a good 'keeper he would not have been brought along for the trip and the chances are that it was simply a question of nerves.

The biggest single weakness in Moreira's squad was obviously in midfield. Rivellino was a big failure — having been previously described to me as a blend of all that was best in Pelé and Didi — but obviously nothing of the kind. Gerson who I had seen several times before and who did look very promising when young has failed to mature sufficiently. Very talented, although limited to his left foot he flights his passes well but lacks both determination and a capacity for hard work.

BRAZIL TOUR INTERESTING

SOUTH AMERICAN COMMENTARY
by Gordon Jeffery

THE Brazilian tour is only half over as I write and it is too early to attempt a realistic assessment of a sequence of a dozen matches played in a short period and in three continents — Latin America, Europe and Africa (the match against Portugal is to be played at Lourenço Marques in Mozambique). Such an assessment — and a look at other recent international matches involving South American national sides — can wait awhile. What seems more immediately of interest is the composition of the Brazilian party and its relevance, if any, to the likely Brazilian line-up in the World Cup in Mexico in 1970. (I am, of course, presuming that they will not find qualification beyond them!)

During the period from 1958 to 1966 one of the recurrent themes for articles about Brazil was their elaborate preparations for successive World Cup tournaments. Victory in 1962 added weight to these stories that, like most oft-told tales, came to be accepted without question. There is not, in my view, a great deal of evidence to support much of this story — not at any rate so far as the selection and the grooming of players is concerned.

The 1958 World Cup final stages in Sweden are the obvious starting point in search of evidence and even there it seems worth noting that, although there was a core of half-a-dozen players who played in every match, players were introduced more as a result of hopeful inspiration than of past grooming. This applied particularly to the introduction of Garrincha for the third match of the tournament — after Brazil had beaten Austria three-nil but had then been hard-pressed by England in a goalless match. According to Garrincha himself it was left to his Botafogo club-mate, Nilton Santos, to suggest to Feola — "Why don't you choose Garrincha? The Russians don't know him and he may mix them up."

The Brazilian approach to the 1958 World Cup matches may not have been quite so casual as that suggests but they had not before shown much enthusiasm for the play of "the Little Bird." He was, after all, 24 with several seasons with Botafogo behind him, before, in 1957, he was first picked for the national squad — for the South American Championships in Peru. Even then Garrincha only made the team for the last of three matches and although he did later play in the two World Cup qualifying matches against Peru and in one of the "warming-up" matches en route to the Finals in Sweden, he was certainly not a recognised first choice Brazilian player.

In Garrincha's case it might be argued that he was never the player easily amenable to "grooming" and as such the Brazilians could take credit for using him simply (but mightily effectively) for his virtuosity—or, as Nilton Santos had it, "to mix them up." But the same could not be said about the steady strong and yet dependable Bellini. Yet, like Garrincha, Bellini had to wait until the 1957 South American Championships before travelling *as a reserve* with the national squad—and he was then 27! He too had played only a few matches with the national team before the Finals.

Immediate

Even Pelé's inclusion — like Garrincha's after the first two matches had been played in Sweden — was a gamble since he had been injured in the first pre-World Cup match in Europe and the immediate intention had been to send him back home. He was, of course, only seventeen and it meant 20 days of hard work by Dr. Hilton Gosling and his aides to get Pelé fit for the important last four matches in Sweden. It is, incidentally, often forgotten by those who link Brazil's eclipse in England in 1966 with the injury to Pelé, that because of the injury on tour he missed the first two World Cup matches in 1958; and, more to the point, he played in only the first two in Chile in 1962 before an injury against the Czechs kept him out for the rest of Brazil's programme.

One final flash-back to Sweden in 1958 — to the case of Djalma Santos who did not make his first appearance in the World Cup tournament until the Final itself! However by 1960 — to begin from there a hindsight look at the "preparations" for the 1962 World Cup — Djalma Santos was one of the regulars in Brazil's seven Full Internationals played that year. Gilmar, Bellini and the forward Cinezinho, were the only other "ever-presents" in matches against Denmark (in the course of a European tour in which otherwise matches were against club sides or representative ones), Argentina (three times), Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay.

Of the 1958 World Cup players, apart from Gilmar, Djalma Santos and Bellini, Nilton Santos made five appearances, Dino and Orlando two apiece. Dida and Vava one part-appearance apiece, Zagalo two, Zito one and Pelé three — two of them only for part of the play. The newcomers, in addition to Cinezinho, were Victor (3 appearances), Quarentinha (1); Pepe (3); Geraldo (2); Julinho (3); Servilio (2); Almir (2); Roberto (1); Delem (5); Waldir (1); Coutinho (2); Ecio (2); Zequinha (4); Decio Esteves (1); Valdo (3); Aldemar (2) and Sabara (3).

It was from those newcomers that one would reasonably expect the 1962 World Cup squad to have emerged, but they seemed generally in an eclipse in 1961 when Brazil played five matches —three against Paraguay and two against Chile. Rather it was the 1958 "veterans" who were reasserting their claims for retention. Gilmar—I find myself automatically writing "of course"—was the only Brazilian to appear in all five 1961 matches but, of the 1958 World Cup players, Didi (back from his uphappy, ill-considered sojourn with Real Madrid), Zito (only one appear-

A sight seen all too rarely these days—the great Pele playing for Brazil. (A)

ance the previous year) and Garrincha all made four appearances. So too, of the 1960 "newcomers," did Pepe and Coutinho. But apart from those two the only other non-World Cup players who had played in 1960 and re-appeared in 1961, were Cinezinho (one appearance), Quarentinha (1), Zequinha (1) and Aldemar (1). The 1958 World Cup players to appear — in addition to Gilmar, Didi, Garrincha and Zito already mentioned — were De Sordi (2), Nilton Stantos, (2), Bellini (1), Joel (1), Dida 1), Zagalo (1) and Djalma Santos (1).

The 1961 new names were Jair Marinho (3 appearances), Calvet (4), Mauro (3), Gerson (3), Altair (2), Amarildo (1) (as a substitute), Jadir (1), Ary (1), Enrique (1) and Baba (1). Quite the most interesting appearance was that of the then thirty-one-year-old Mauro, who had made his first couple of appearances for Brazil 12 years before—and been often a reserve, but only a reserve since then.

Programme

So to the vital programme of pre-World Cup matches in April and May 1962 — six matches against Paraguay (twice), Portugal (twice) and Wales (twice).

Twenty-five players took some part, even if, in some cases, only once as a sub, in those six matches — eleven of them were 1958 World Cup players; three others had appeared during the 1960 matches; five in the 1961 matches and the remainder (six of them) were making their first appearances in the national side, at most five weeks before the World Cup matches themselves!

Finally — in the six 1962 World Cup matches themselves Brazil used only 12 players in their six matches. Ten were ever-presents with the only change when Amarildo took over from Pelé for the last four matches. And of those 12 no fewer than 10 were 1958 World Cup players. The only additions were Mauro, 32 years old and, as I have mentioned, more of less overlooked from 1949 to 1961, and Amarildo whose appearances prior to the 1962 World Cup were limited to one as a substitute in 1961 and three (two of them as a substitute) in the pre-World Cup matches in 1962!

Much the same happened between 1962 and the 1966 World Cup tournament in England except that, in the event, even the Brazilians had to accept that time had overtaken some of their World Cup veterans. Factually 24 players appeared in Brazil's 11 1963 matches. Seven were 1958/1962 World Cup players — Gilmar, Djalma Santos, Mauro, Zito, Pelé, Amarildo and Zagalo; six were pre-1962 World Cup international players who had not played in the maches in Chile—Altair, Zequinha, Coutinho, Pepe, Gerson and Quarentinha. The rest were newcomers — 12 of them.

The Full International matches in 1964, 1965 and the pre-World Cup period of 1966 saw the appearance of nine of the 1958 and/or 1962 World Cup winning players including Orlando, back from playing in Argentina with Boca Juniors, and Bellini — now again preferred to his friend Mauro. Nine players with previous international experience reappeared including three with experience dating from 1960 — Julinho, Coutinho and Servilio; and 38 players made their first appearances in international football. Even then when Brazil lined-up for their opening 1966 World Cup match against Bulgaria they had five of their 1958 World Cup players still on duty Gilmar, Djalma Santos, Bellini, Garrincha and Pelé. And of the remaining six players, Paulo Henrique, Denilson and Tostao had made their debut only in the weeks immediately prior to the matches in England.

I am not seeking to fault the Brazilian selectors and coaches—in 1962 they finally settled upon a team that successfully retained the World Cup won four years before, and no one can better that. What I am seeking is to dispute the story that the successful, and the unsuccessful for that matter, Brazilian teams were the result of years of careful grooming!

Wielded

I suspect that the national team selectors would prefer that they could spend more time and attention to the development of the national squad—and particularly since the failure in England in 1966, but they do have to contend with at least two major difficulties. One — the power wielded by the big clubs and, generally, the refusal of those big clubs to make any concessions to the needs of the national team if by so doing their own revenue is reduced. Two — that Brazil's international programme is usually crammed into a short period of each year. The immediate effect of the latter circumstance is that players are

● *Continued on page 47*

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Helenio Herrera . . . THE

Report from

Keir Radnedge

THE story of 52-year-old Helenio Herrera is indeed an astonishing one. The story of a boy raised in poverty in Buenos Aires, then Casablanca. Of a young man who came to France almost penniless. Who could find no club. But who by dint of his own determination eventually became an international for this his adopted country.

Who then turned into a prima donna of a trainer. Who galvanised training methods in France, Portugal and Spain. And then — swept savagely from power in Spain — went to Italy. Here to create out of a legend of the past the all-conquering Inter-Milan still feared today, even though its potency is fast diminishing.

And the latest of the many sagas of Helenio Herrera's life is perhaps the most astonishing — even most controversial — of all. A saga which has caused astonishing repercussions not just in Italy. Also in Spain. The saga of how Helenio Herrera — the man who perfected *catenaccio* — left Internazionale to join Roma!

Sounds simple. But having followed events extremely closely, I can reveal that this change of air on Herrera's part has caused little else but bitterness and resentment — even in Rome.

DESTINATION

Regular readers of my articles may recall that just over a year ago I wrote an article about Atletico Madrid. I stated then that if HH were to leave Inter, Atletico was his likeliest destination. Atletico, whom he had steered to the Spanish championship as far back as 1950 and 1951.

Regular readers may also have noticed, however, that my predictions are cast-iron certainties to lose! So, imagine my own personal feeling of satisfaction when, on Tuesday, May 21, Atletico president Vicente Calderon announced that his club had engaged a new coaching duo — Jose Villalonga, together with ... Helenio Herrera!

Only days before HH had announced that on June 30 he would resign his commission at Inter, following the example of his erstwhile president, Angelo Moratti.

Calderon released his tremendous news after watching a Cup-tie play-off in Chamartin between Betis and Badalona. He said that he had travelled to Milan several times to speak personally with Herrera. They had also had many telephone conversations. Indeed, Calderon had been speaking with Herrera that very day.

And I remembered when HH came to Madrid to spy on Real before the 1964 European Cup-final, he had spent much of his time in Calderon's company. It was like a massive jigsaw puzzle slowly fitting together.

RESIGNATION

Herrera hadn't yet completed the formality of signing the contract? *No, Senor. Not yet....*

Of money Calderon wouldn't speak. And he strongly denied any suggestions that his contracting of Herrera was to pacify the members who might otherwise call for his resignation at the next annual meeting.

"Herrera is a man I believe we need," said Calderon, who was, incidentally, sporting a Harold Wilson-type raincoat at the time!

He seemed equally as satisfied with the signing of Jose Villalonga. This gentleman was in charge of Atletico in the late 'fifties and early 'sixties. He also led Real to their first European Cup triumphs, and in 1964 took Spain to the European Championship. Not bad!

ATTRACTION

Herrera, for his part, seemed just as happy as anyone.

"Atletico have always been the club nearest to my heart," he said. "Inter, without Moratti, holds no attraction for me. I travel to Madrid to sign on the dotted line on Saturday!"

Other Italian clubs — notably Napoli, but also Bologna, Fiorentina, and Roma — were rumoured to be hot on Atletico's heels. But ... in Italy there is a ban to prevent any club signing a foreign national as trainer. This, it seemed, would ruin the hopes of Napoli and the rest of the bunch.

The following day a brief statement from Milan announced that Dr. Alfredo Foni was to be engaged in Herrera's place as new coach of Inter. Actually it was Foni who, in the early 'fifties, had steered Inter to the club's last pre-Herrera championships.

Then Inter entertained Anderlecht in the European International Cup. A mere 2,000 made the effort to toddle along to San Siro and watch the game.

"Had I still been on the trainer's bench," said Herrera with typical modesty, "the stadium would have been packed as usual!"

ATTENTIONS

At this point the Italian press threw a hefty spanner in the works. Someone dug up a story to the effect that Herrera only viewed Atletico's attentions with the same amount of interest as he did the attentions of the Italian clubs clamouring for his signature.

Nevertheless HH still insisted that he would be flying to Madrid on Saturday. Then he would watch Atletico in a cup-tie against Betis. It seemed a closed deal.

On Saturday, May 25, at lunch-time, Atletico officials and fans arrived at Barajas airport to greet the great Helenio Herrera — their new hero — from the aircraft bringing him from Milan.

The reception committees watched, mildly surprised, as Herrera failed to emerge first from the 'plane. They were a little concerned when he didn't even leave the 'plane in the midst of the other passengers. And finally they were dumbfounded when he failed to materialise at all!

There was an empty seat in the Betis Villamarin stadium that night, as Atletico struggled to hold their relegated rivals to a goal-less draw!

Herrera didn't come, and at first didn't send any message. "It's enough to make anyone turn over in their grave," growled Calderon bitterly, trying desperately to retain his composure before a group of clamouring journalists, all with their ears flapping to try and pick up a clue as to the whereabouts of HH.

It was even suggested that Calderon had whipped Herrera away elsewhere for some unknown reason, perhaps so that the two men could talk in peace. But since pressmen had dogged Calderon's footsteps for most of the day this seemed highly improbable.

Still more so when Calderon announced just a little later that he had received a telephone call from Herrera, saying that he would not now be arriving until Tuesday.

Calderon said that as far as he knew Herrera was a man who kept his word, and would definitely sign later on. He had confirmed once more the verbal agreement. To the outside world Calderon seemed perfectly confident that everything was still under control.

But by this time even he must have had his doubts.... Herrera seemed to have disappeared for the time being. The telephone in his villa at Como rang and rang and rang. But there was no reply....

Nothing more could be discovered in Spain. It was merely a question of time. In newspaper offices anxious sports editors eagerly awaited the expected calls from the agencies. And eventually a Spanish correspondent in Italy succeeded in unearthing Herrera. He found "Il Mago" with a sore throat! "This," croaked Herrera, "was the reason for the *postponement* of my trip to Madrid!"

APPEARANCE

No, he stated, it wasn't true that rumours of offers from Atletico, Boca Juniors, and Panathinaikos, were merely to force Fiorentina to agree to pay him £60,000 basic yearly fee in addition to monthly salary and weekly bonuses!

Came Tuesday and again Herrera failed to put in an appearance at Barajas airport, Madrid. In a further conflab over the telephone with Calderon, however, he again apparently confirmed the verbal agreement.

Helenio Herrera, pictured extreme left with some Inter players during a trip to Moscow.

FACTS!

behind his move to Roma

He said he would be in Madrid "in a day or two's time". Then silence.

But it was no still small voice of calm that pierced the silence — just a shattering bombshell! The agency tapes were really reeling off the hot stuff that day — the day Herrera wrote his name at the foot of a contract to take over at Associazione Sportiva Roma!

SETTLEMENT

It will take HH a long, long time to live this one down — this smashed "affair" with Atletico. Poor Calderon first heard the news of Herrera's abrupt Roman settlement on a television news bulletin.

He took defeat stolidly. But there was a sharp cutting edge to his words.

"Herrera has betrayed Atletico Madrid. Betrayed me. And the fans. Even the press, radio and TV. Having seen what has just happened, *I am glad Herrera did not come to Atletico Madrid!*"

But even as he spoke Herrera could still — in theory — have come. When Calderon heard the fatal news, he organised a quick meeting of the directors over the telephone. The outcome was that a telegram was hurriedly sent off to Herrera. It said that HH could still turn down Roma's contract and come to Atletico. But the offer was only to stand for 24 hours. Otherwise, it was all over.

Herrera didn't even bother to reply.

In fact, at that time, he couldn't be found! He had vanished into thin Roman air. But his wife — Mrs. Herrera number two, incidentally — was at least now prepared to answer the telephone at HH's villa near Lake Como.

Yes, HH had definitely signed on for Roma.

No, it wasn't a question of money.

Yes, Calderon had known HH might not go to Atletico.

Yes, HH would like to return to Spain because his family like the country.

Yes, he had definitely rejected Atletico, because he must be in sole command.

Yes, the signing of Villalonga would make this impossible.

Therefore....

Meanwhile, back at the ranch — or rather, in the proud capital of Italy — Oronzo Pugliese, as far as he knew Roma's trainer by legal contract until the summer of 1969, was almost exploding with indignation.

"What have I done to be treated like this?" the man who had picked Roma up off the floor, asked justifiably. "I knew absolutely nothing of the negotiations with Herrera, and only yesterday, through the press, did I realise something was up. Last night I went to see the president — he was obviously disappointed — and he confirmed the news. After all that I have done in three years here! Last summer I preferred to stay here even though I could have taken over at *Milan*! Now they say I can go!"

Exit one demoralised trainer.

Roma's president was Signor Franco Evangelisti. He had taken over just four years back, when the wild schemes of Count Marina Dettina had nearly relegated Roma to the bankruptcy courts. Evangelisti had steered Roma back into greener pastures. But he reckoned the club was not yet far enough out of the wood to be able to afford the services of the demanding HH!

"The president wants to resign in protest," commented Pugliese, on his way out through the door.

The heir-apparent was vice-president Signor Alvaro Marchini. But such was the turmoil in the battle for control that even the arrival of Angelo Moratti to take over would have caused only a minor stir!

Herrera, with the dust settling, spoke of Calderon's propositions as "ridiculous". Never in their conversations, said HH, had Villalonga's name been mentioned, save the last time. Now he (Herrera) learned that Atletico had even been negotiating with former Penarol boss Roque Maspoli, who had just signed a contract with Elche.

PRECEDENT

He referred but briefly to the Spanish Trainers' Association, who were trying to have Herrera barred from ever training a Spanish club again. "I consider it an honour to be able to set such a precedent," murmured HH, acidly. Then he admitted that he had set another precedent because the Italian Football Federation had allowed him to sign for another Italian club — and he, Herrera, as cosmopolitan as they come! The Federation's sanction was good enough for Herrera. Even though it did not meet with the approval of HH's bitter opponent, Dr. Fulvio Bernardini, trainer of Sampdoria, and president of the Italian Trainers' Association.

Why be surprised, Herrera asked journalists, after all I have done for Italian football. I have been here eight years. I was even boss of the national team until recently. The proposal to prohibit foreign trainers signing was made by Moratti so that I could not leave Inter. But now Moratti has retired, to uphold this proposal would be ludicrous.

Herrera was evasive on the question of salary. Similarly he boxed clever on the question of his "blue-eyed boy" Luisito Suarez, who still remained at Inter.

Then early in June HH met the Roma players. Two of them, Jair and Peiro, were not unknown to him! He was shown around the club's domain by the president — not Evangelisti, and not even Marchini, they had both resigned! — but Signor Francesco Ranucci.

CONFIRMED

Herrera outlined his plans to the players. Training will start in earnest at the beginning of August. Though HH kept a customary silence about the acquisition of new players, he confirmed that Jair and Peiro would remain with Roma.

And now everything goes ahead like clockwork for Helenio Herrera, poor boy of Buenos Aires and Casablanca, the son of Spanish parents, a naturalised Frenchman, and star trainer in France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

Thus he turns over a new leaf in his life. Turns it over with the full publicity to which he is accustomed. Which he revels in.

Turns it over, leaving bitterness and resentment in his wake.

Talented Australian born centre-forward Gary Manuel (left) of the Sydney club Prague in a match against last year's champions, APIA.

Impressions of a soccer exile

By ANDREW DETTRE

GOD, I exclaimed to myself upon entering Wembley, where do I live, how can one return to Australia from here, how can I put up with that third-rate football, the unfenced suburban grounds, little men running around selling chook raffle tickets, players puffing desperately after 15 minutes?

How can I, with a reasonably sane mind, ever hope to see soccer reach the top in a country where millions have been brainwashed that rugby league is a worldwide game and that soccer was imported by swarthy-looking migrants from the Mediterranean?

But return I had to and did. Back in Sydney, after a lightning trip to England and the Continent, I spent a day lost in thought in my study, trying to find answers to some of the questions that have been puzzling me and many others for years. During my 1966 trip to the World Cup somehow I missed finding the clues; all that mad rush, kaleidoscopic drama must have dazzled me. It was now, during this trip that I somehow began to see clearly: what's that invisible but seemingly indestructible borderline that separates Europe from the Antipodes in the world of soccer?

The result is the following interview — with myself. Trained in the craft of interviewing others, I applied the same principles: posed the questions and gave the replies, as honestly as I could. No tricks, no gimmicks; the impressions of a soccer exile, you could say.

So here it is, for what it's worth.

Q: Have you been impressed by the football you saw in Europe? If so, by what particular phase of the game?

A: By and large, I was quite unimpressed. This may sound like an indecent, indeed, arrogant statement from somebody living in the backwater of world football, but I cannot help it. The quality of the matches I saw was seldom above the mediocre and often well below it. This applies to the whole of the European Championship finals and even the Manchester-Benfica match.

Q: That game at Wembley has been described as a classic; a fantastic occasion, an unforgettable event. How dare you run it down?

A: The occasion was grand, really unforgettable. But it was mainly the trimmings that made it so: the packed stadium, the almost hysterical Manchester crowd, what not. The match itself was different. I thought the first half was dull and vicious: a colleague next to me counted some 30 fouls in 45 minutes. The game did improve in the second half — when Manchester, almost inexplicably, gave up all hopes of attack and tried to hang on to their 1-0 lead. So it was Benfica who raised the standard when they started to play—when they were allowed to play. As for the extra time, that first period was brilliant when Busby's boys slammed in three quick goals. Charlton's fourth goal was the best I've seen for many years. But taken as a whole, the match was not great.

Q: You ungrateful swine. You travel 12,000 miles to London, watch a European Cup final and dare to remain unimpressed. What about the internationals you saw? Say Germany-England at Hanover?

A: Worse, if anything. The Germans played 200% poorer than in the 1966 World Cup; with their Hanover performance they would have never qualified even for the quarter finals. They have only two outstanding players, Beckenbauer and Overath, the others are fit, strong, even fast but nothing you couldn't breed and produce at any corner of the globe. England had a shocking game; seemed to go back some 15 years in time to their old kick-and-rush style.

Q: How about the European Championship finals? Nothing to please you there?

A: Mainly one thing, yes: that very talented Yugoslav team. They were the most underrated side of the four, the unsung bit actors in the shadow of the glamour teams and world stars. And yet I thought they were the best football team out of the four on view. In fact the Yugoslavs have proved an old theory—often advanced by Eric Batty in this very magazine — that individual skill with the ball, flair, talent and an ability to improvise are still badly needed qualities in soccer. Of the four teams only the Yugoslavs had these, the others seem to have built their game solely on physical qualities.

Q: Sir Alf Ramsey described the Yugoslavs as dirtier than the Argentinians; did you see the fouls on Ball and Charlton?

A: I saw. I also saw that England finished the match with 11 fit or reasonably fit men—but the Yugoslavs didn't. Osim, their elegant, effective playmaker was kicked out of the game in the fifth minute by Hunter, Pantelic was limping through the second half and they had two other semi-passengers as well. Frankly, as an unbiased, unattached spectator, I found Ramsey's parallel stunning. The Yugoslavs did commit many tactical fouls—this seems to be the fashion now—to stop the unfolding of the English attack; but compared with the Benfica defence, for example, at Wembley, they were pure, clean and innocent. Yet the Benfica defenders were hardly criticised by the Press after the match and the Yugoslavs were hit for six. Why? Well, I have a theory. Benfica lost and Yugoslavia won . . .

Q: Did you notice any change in the general trend of European football since your last visit in 1966?

A: The game has got even tougher, even more athletic. But there is a fresh hope: to an

● Continued on page 51

It has happened before

TRAGEDY OF RIVER PLATE

IT had all happened before. That was part of the tragedy of River Plate. That nearly 80 people had died. That almost 200 had lain injured in hospitals in Buenos Aires. This was enough, surely.

This was devastating in its own way, but even more so for those who knew it had happened before. No, not the Lima disaster. And immediately I heard of the River Plate tragedy, I, like most others, thought of Lima. But it wasn't till a little later that the real comparison sprang to mind.

It had happened whilst Di Stefano was a kid in 1938. Probably he had even been present then. When, almost 30 years ago to the day, the Club Athletic River Plate were cursed with a similar — though somewhat less tragic — spell.

The scene was then — as now — River's stadium, the Estadio de Nunez. The match was against River's most hated rivals, Boca Juniors. The gaunt two-tiered stadium had been packed to capacity. Probably, they said later — too late — had been packed beyond reasonable capacity.

At any rate the fans were excited. Boca had just crashed to defeat. The crowd were slow to quit the stadium. Too slow in some parts of the gallery, and in one place in particular. Pushing and shoving became desperate. The crowd wasn't moving out fast enough.

Pressure built up. People to the back of the crowd "upstairs" weren't so badly off. But those who had been first into the stadium to gain a place on the parapet at the front of the vast gallery weren't so lucky.

Under the pressure of thousands the gallery started to sag in one part. The parapet in the centre crumbled like dust, and first a boy, then several others, fell into the crowd below. The savage details speak for themselves. The final death-roll was ten. Ninety eight were injured. "Never again," said the powers-that-be, and redesigned the exits, and strengthened the galleries.

The solution seemed to be perfect. The drama was relegated to history, photographs stored away in the archives. Then, 30 years later, the past suddenly took on the guise of a warning that had been ignored.

The date was Sunday, June 23, 1968. The occasion was an Argentinian inter zonal league match between River Plate, and — just as before—Boca Juniors. The final score was nil-nil. The crowd turned to go home.

Only the Boca fans were celebrating — pleased with a draw. Some even threw burning newspapers through the air, causing consternation in the crowd roundabout.

In the River stadium the set-up is like this. As the crowd enter, each person has to pass through the trunstile gateway. Then, during the game, before the end, that gate is removed, and the crowd thus file out in an orderly manner.

The key question now is whether that turnstile number 12 *was* removed. The police soon said they didn't think it was. River officials denied the charges furiously.

Anyway, removed or not, the thousands of people pushing and shoving to reach turnstile number 12 soon found they weren't getting very far. Those poor unfortunates around the exit doors were slowly and predictably being crushed against the walls by the tidal force behind them. Many Boca fans were at the head of the queue. Some turned, and tried to make for the other exits. But the crowd was now all around. It was impossible to turn back.

The minutes dragged by, and very little seemed to be happening. Apparently a few people were able to squeeze out, but not enough, and not fast enough. People began to cry out with pain as the press became tighter. Many found breathing difficult. The weight of numbers grew and grew. Panic and pandemonium spread with the speed of a prairie fire.

In other parts of the stadium few people yet realised what was happening around turnstile number 12. But people passing outside, in the Avenida Figueroa Alcorta, soon must have realised there was something the matter. Yet they could do nothing to help.

The frantic screams of the crushed now echoed around the vast bowl of the stadium. The general awareness inside the stadium grew as suddenly bodies were propelled out of the upper tier, to the ground. Others in panic, scarcely thinking, jumped.

Many people fainted in the crowd, but because of the crush, didn't fall. With the increase in fear and panic, so the pressure against the turnstile became greater.

Then it gave way altogether, the crowd surged forward. Inevitably, those first in the rush were themselves mown down by the avalanche precipitated behind them. Bodies hurtled from the turnstile.

People fell, tripped, were trampled, picked themselves up, and ran. Many scurried into the street eventually, and some were heard yelling to others: "Don't stop, for God's sake, keep running."

Others, earlier, inside the stadium, had cried out for the pushing to stop, but all to no avail.

People were screaming and weeping and crying. Safe themselves, many turned around outside, wanting to get back in, to find brothers, sisters, wives, sons, sweethearts, fathers, daughters, friends. Out in the street stood a dumb multitude, ignorant as to how they could help.

And the crowds leaving the stadium delayed police and ambulance men. But taxi drivers, car owners, all came to their aid, of their own volition taking the injured to the hospitals, either the Pirovano, or the Fernandez.

Two medical students deserve special mention for going back amongst the carnage and undoubtedly saving the lives of many people, with the "kiss of life" technique.

Eventually the police cleared the routes through the city to the hospitals, and the dead, dying, and injured, were transported from the stadium. Several hundreds were treated that night. And many, who had died in the crush, were unrecognisable apart from their clothes and personal possessions.

The scene was a monumental repetition of the occasion in 1954, when eight died following riots after a River-San Lorenzo game.

The President of the Argentine, Juan Carlos Ongania, talked far into the night with police chiefs, and also the River Plate president, Escribano William Kent. The police in their investigations got off to a flying start by placing all River Plate officials under suspicion of arrest.

The following morning Judge Oscar Hermello formally opened the inquiry into the tragedy of the River Plate. The clock had been turned back 30 years.

Story by KEIR RADNEDGE

THE final tournament of the European Football Championship—the Henri Delaunay Cup — was a disappointment not only, narrowly, to the world champions, England, who had to be content with third place behind Italy and Yugoslavia, but ahead of the Soviet Union who were unbeaten by the winners, Italy. Indeed Italy are the winners on the strength of one win and two draws—and without playing against the leading contenders (on form) England!

The month's games

May	30:	Netherlands 0 Scotland 0	Amsterdam
June	1:	W. Germany 1 England 0	Hanover
,,	1:	Czechoslovakia 3 USSR 0	Prague (Olym.)
,,	4:	Finland 1 Denmark 3	Helsinki
,,	5:	Italy 0 USSR 0 (after extra time)	Naples (EFC)
,,	5:	Yugoslavia 1 England 0	Florence (EFC)
,,	8:	England 2 USSR 0	Rome (EFC)
,,	8:	Italy 1 Yugoslavia 1 (after extra time)	Rome (EFC)
,,	9:	Norway 1 Poland 6	Oslo
,,	10:	Italy 2 Yugoslavia 0	Rome (EFC)
,,	10:	Brazil 2 Uruguay 0	Sao Paulo (Rio Branco Cup)
,,	12:	Brazil 4 Uruguay 0	Rio (Rio Branco Cup)
,,	16:	USSR 3 Austria 1	Leningrad
,,	16:	W. Germany 2 Brazil 1	Stuttgart
,,	19:	Finland 1 Belgium 2	Helsinki (WC)
,,	20:	Poland 3 Brazil 6	Warsaw

Some sense of inadequacy entered the tournament after the 120 goalless minutes of play in the opening match between the host country Italy and the Soviet Union, and the announcement that, after all that endeavour and after the Soviet Union's six matches against Greece, Austria and Finland in the qualifying competition and their two matches against Hungary in the quarter-finals, and Italy's six matches against Rumania, Switzerland and Cyprus and two matches against Bulgaria in the quarter-finals—after those 1,560 hours of football and thousands of miles of travel, Italy had qualified for the Final of the European Football Championship because their colour fell uppermost when a disc was tossed!

It all seemed so absurd and particularly since this was the first time that what had been a Cup competition with, albeit after two legs, a knock-out per round had been, it was intended, improved by being turned into a Championship with group matches and winners decided on a points basis. The Russians could be excused for complaining that it seemed unthinking to ignore the merits of the points (championship) basis when the important last stages were reached.

The explanation is, of course, that — largely with money in mind — the final stages should desirably be played over a short period and the tournament held in the country of one of the semi-finalists, and that there would not be time for an extended group competition. Yet as things turned out the three match-days needed for a group tournament involving four teams were necessary this time and both Italy and Yugoslavia played more minutes than they would have done had the final tournament been decided on a group basis!

For the Soviet Union the wrong colour on the coin must have seemed only too fitting an indication that for the time being luck was running against them — however much their groundwork in dialectical materialism ought to have inured them against superstition! And, of course, they had to a large extent invited trouble when they took their European Football Championship team to Prague to play in the second leg of the final Olympic qualifying match against the Czechs only four days before the opening EFC match in Naples against the Italians.

Quite simply the Russians were caught between a place amongst the last 16 in Mexico in the 1968 Olympics and recapturing the European title they had won in Paris in 1960 but lost to Spain in Madrid four years ago. And sympathies at their predicament have to be limited by the feeling that they were being greedy, if not strictly speaking unfair, in tackling the Olympics with their full-strength team.

I do not claim that Soviet footballers are any more, or any less, professional than many sportsmen who claim to be amateurs in western, as well as in other Soviet, countries. The contrast shows more clearly in football because there has been a more general acknowledgement of the professional structure but it is difficult to see how any definition can be framed to exclude Soviet footballers (and those of other countries where there is no acknowledgement of professionalism in sport) without, equally, excluding a whole army of horse-jumpers, skiers, weight-lifters and sponsored athletes of many countries.

The attempted differentiation on the goods that a footballer who had played for his country in the World Cup (qualifying competition? final stages?) should be excluded whilst his club-mate (perhaps younger and due to play in the next World Cup) was acceptable for the Olympics was illogical—but it did have the merit of rightly implying that the Olympics football tournament was of little importance by comparison with the World Championship. What is therefore surprising was that the Soviet Union obviously continue to attach considerable importance to the Olympics football tournament.

There is, of course, the coincidental attraction that the Olympics are being staged in Mexico on the same terrain as will be the 1970 World Cup—but not, it is worth noting, at the same time of the year. Evidence of the effect of climatic conditions could be, I think, wrongly interpreted for this reason. In any case this hardly seemed sufficient reason for the Soviet to continue to use their full-strength team in the Olympic qualifying competition, when to do so seemed likely to reduce their chances of winning the European Football Championship.

Possibly they would not have done so within a few days of the vital semi-final match against Italy at Naples had they won the first leg of their Olympics tie against the Czechs by more than a single goal. And the Czechs, unintentionally, but it must have rubbed salt in Soviet wounds, did field a more experimental side for their Olympic matches.

Compared, for example, with the Czech "A" team which beat Yugoslavia by three goals to nil in Bratislava late in April—a victory seen in retrospect to be even better than it appeared at the time—only the backs, Pivarnik, Plass and Hagara, were in the team that lost by the odd goal in five in Moscow and won three-nil in Prague against the Soviet Union. Those three play-

Action from the second European Championship Final with Italy in the dark shirts playing against Yugoslavia. (UPI)

Greedy Russians Blunder

Russian goalkeeper Yuri Pshenichnikov cuts out a high cross during the England and Russia European Champions Cup match. Norman Hunter (11) is the England player. (UPI)

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

ers themselves are newcomers to the Czech national side—the first two were in the squad that toured South America around the turn of the year and took part in the Octagonal Tournament in Chile.

Hagara has emerged since and although some few of the other eight players—the 'keeper Vencel and the forwards Stanislav Strunc and young Josef Jurkanin for example—have made previous full international appearances, the team can be accepted as "new", and as very promising material for an overdue Czech revival. They deserved a better attendance than 25,000 to applaud their victory over the Soviet Union with goals scored by Pollak, Pivarnik and Capkovic.

The match was played on June 1 and it ended with the Soviet Union eliminated from the Olympics, and, more grievously, with Chislenko and Khurtsilava both injured and out of the reckoning for the European Football Championship semi-final against Italy on the 5th. In that semi-final and despite the handicap of playing against the Italians in Naples—the graveyard of so many foreign national and club sides—the Soviet Union denied the home side a goal for 90 minutes plus 30 minutes' extra-time.

Previous

Trouble was they failed to score themselves and, however futile it is to conjecture what might have been about football matches, one cannot help thinking that Chislenko, so often the scorer of important goals for the Russians, and Khurtsilava, a goal-scorer in two of the Soviet Union's previous three matches, might have turned the scales in their side's favour. As it was, the toss of the disc decided.

England had also been engaged in an exacting international match on the same afternoon that the Soviet were playing in Prague and it might be argued that England, like the USSR, were unwise to have committed themselves to the match against West Germany within four days of the European finals. The circumstances were different of course—on paper at any rate the match against West Germany was a friendly whereas the Soviet Union's match against the Czechs was not only competitive, it was, in effect, a decider. This does sidestep the fact that for England there are really no *friendly* matches these days.

Intensity

In the case of this particular fixture the intensity was increased because England's opponents were the beaten finalists of July 1966! Even so, and again this is a considerable difference from the Russian engagement, England's concern was more with the EFC matches to come. Bobby Charlton and Nobby Stiles, available for England for the first time since the Wembley match against the Scots in April 1967, had both reported fit, if fatigued, after Manchester United's Champions' Cup win against Benfica, but neither was called upon for the match against West Germany.

Ray Wilson, injured in an end of season League match of little importance, was not then with the England party, and Cyril Knowles and Keith Newton, together for the first time in the May match against Sweden, stayed against the Germans. Alan Mullery was given a rest and Norman Hunter, who had worn a number 11 shirt in the two previous international matches, now had the chance to play without looking a little as if he was not quite sure where he should be operating on the field. Roger Hunt was also rested. Geoff Hurst, who had suggested, in his second-half appearance against Sweden—substituting for Bobby Charlton—that he was regaining fitness and confidence, was given another outing. So, too, were Mike Summerbee, Colin Bell and Peter Thompson.

The England team was, in all, a mixture of "possibles", and regulars with some of the latter seeking lost form or fitness. It showed itself capable of withstanding all that the Germans could offer with Bobby Moore and Gordon Banks justifying their world class rating but, equally, it showed little capability of penetrating the German defence. What was no more than a disappointing (for both sides) draw became a one-goal win for the Germans with a freak goal.

In itself the defeat was not serious but coming as it did on the eve of the European Championship it must have harmed England's chances before the match against the Yugoslavs. Changes were made—Ray Wilson was flown in to add his valuable skill and experience; Roger Hunt, Bobby Charlton, Martin Peters and Alan Mullery returned and out went Knowles, Summerbee, Bell, Thompson—and Geoff Hurst. Bobby Moore, Alan Ball, Keith Newton, Brian Labone remained and so, too, despite the availability of Hurst and Stiles, did Norman Hunter.

In the event both Stiles and Hurst were missed but it would be easy to fall into the trap of looking more at England's lapses than at the surprisingly good performance of the Yugoslavs and, in particular, of Holcer, Dzajic and Petkovic. Holcer was both sure and determined in his defensive work and quick and shrewd in his clearances. Dzajic amply confirmed the high opinions that had reached us of his ability, whilst the new boy, Petkovic, who had made his first appearances for the national side in the second leg of the quarter-final against France, showed himself to be good with the ball and eager for the chance of a goal.

The Yugoslavs had lost so many experienced players to professional clubs in Europe that we had assumed their cupboard of talent was bare. Perhaps they had some similar thoughts themselves because, despite the concentration of matches and the extra time played in the first final, they were clearly reluctant to make any changes except those forced upon them by injuries. The Italians on the other hand called upon the services of 18 of their nominated 22 players and this, and home support, was just sufficient to gain them the Championship.

Finally it was left to England to find themselves again in the pleasant and, in many ways, the most satisfactory match of the tournament, against the Soviet Union to determine the third and fourth rankings. At least it was good to see 22 players getting on with the game with none of the play-acting, buffoonery, and deceit that marred the other matches.

On reflection

THE problem for Sir Alf Ramsey, it seems to me, after the finals of the European Championships in Italy, is not so much whether any particular foul committed by an English player is more or less morally defensible than one by a German or Yugoslav, but whether the player himself is suitable for the job of attempting to retain the World Cup in Mexico. It has been difficult to argue that Ramsey is wrong while he has been winning, but now that he has lost twice in a week it is perhaps worth considering whether Ramsey's England is either the best or the most desirable. I think there are reservations on both counts, without for one moment attempting to condemn all that he has established and achieved in five years.

There are three inescapable facts concerning Mexico. If England, or rather certain of her players, go on playing to the same physical code of principles, then there will be bowls of protest from many sources. The referees are unlikely, regrettably, to be any better than at present. And the provocation and pressure on England will be even greater than it was in 1966. The only aspect we can alter is the attitude towards physical contact, yet this will influence reaction in the other two. While no one expects Ramsey to change basic style, it can surely be only to his own disadvantage to create, however unintentionally, an atmosphere of hostility before the finals begin. The way England play on the South American summer tour in 1969 will be of widespread significance.

Proprietary claim

For Ramsey to claim, as he did after the Russia third place match in Rome, that the booing of Nobby Stiles was the result of a deliberate campaign by the press of Europe, is about as sensible as for a motorist to claim that a speeding offence is some conspiracy by the car manufacturer. There is no smoke without fire, and if Stiles and Hunter are criticised it is because people don't like what they see. It is wasted breath to claim that we are merely playing to the rules the way we wrote them, because even if this were true, which is questionable, we long since relinquished any proprietary claim on a game now played by the whole world. If the rest of the world criticises English football, it may well be worth paying attention, rather than making tenuous counter-accusations. It is irrelevant, for instance, whether they are less brave when we kick them than we are when they kick us. The laws are not concerned with bravery, but intent. And it is utterly unconvincing to maintain when we have kicked them that it was an accident — which it may have been — and actually we were trying to get the ball.

Bobby Charlton, pictured with his wife Norma and daughter, cannot even escape the attention of his fans while on holiday in Palma. (UPI)

The histrionics of the Germans and Yugoslavs in Hannover and Florence were calculated to prejudice England's chances yet the causes of the incidents cannot be disregarded.

Readers of the *Sunday Telegraph* will remember that during the Under-23 tour of Italy, Hungary and Germany, Bill Nicholson, the Spurs manager in charge, made some very appropriate observations about the laws. Before the Hungary match in Budapest he said: "I think we in Britain have to consider carefully whether we are right, whether our interpretation of the laws as they are written is correct in this matter of physical challenge. I've been thinking a lot about this ever since Spurs played Lyons in the Fairs' Cup."

It is a foundation of the British game that in challenging for the ball it is legal to go through an opponent's legs on the way. Because of this we not only tolerate this kind of tackle when the ball is won in the process, but take for granted that often the tackler will miss yet leave his opponent temporarily on the ground, and even sometimes that this will happen after the opponent has released the ball. Such a philosophy is dynamite when put into operation against many foreign teams.

Further, by allowing this free-for-all in our domestic soccer we retard the development of the very kind of player that in my opinion will be needed in Mexico. The perfect example was Johnny Byrne, who received merciless treatment from club defenders but was one of the most accomplished "tight" players in Europe. Others who might become future Byrnes are discarded by top managers for being "cowards".

To be fair to Ramsey, he has never concealed that his initial preference is for skill, but as a Fleet Street colleague has so aptly said he mistrusts skill unless it comes dripping in sweat. More and more, Ramsey has settled for expediency, for the player who can be relied on to give all of less. It is impossible not now to wonder whether he is carrying this principle to disproportionate lengths. The team which lost to Yugoslavia was, without being wise after the event, overloaded with defenders. It has been all too obvious for two years that the team is short of ability near goal, and to reduce power in this department still further seemed suicide. Remembering our World Cup matches against Uruguay and Mexico, the demand must surely be for attackers.

Increasingly physical

It can, of course, be argued that Ramsey can only work with material which the League system produces, and if this material is increasingly physical then he has little option. I do not accept that this is so. Certainly there have to be strong players at the back. There is not a better or harder man in Europe than Bobby Moore, who possibly reached a pinnacle in his career over the last part of last season.

Not to beat about the bush, if it now requires eight or nine defenders to win championships, they are not worth winning. Reflecting on events in Italy, England should not forget that though Stiles may have been booed, Bobby Charlton aroused instant affection among the partisan Roman crowd. Cynics may argue that Stiles has had a decisive influence on more matches than Charlton. I for one would hope that this was not true. The boy in the street, from what I know, would still like best of all to be Bobby. Instinct has a way of being right.

by David Miller

RIGHT: Coach "Tim," off-field brains behind San Lorenzo. LEFT: Half Rendo, on-field brains behind San Lorenzo.

Argentina Soccer Scene

CHANGE THE COACH THEY CRY, BUT . . .

from **ERIC WEIL**

AFTER three bad performances by Argentina's national team, versus Paraguay (0-2) and Uruguay (2-0, 1-2), there is already talk about changing national coach Renato Cesarini, but little is being said about changing the players. What the ever-critical soccer follower is forgetting, however, is that Cesarini has been forced to change his line-ups from his ideal team.

One criticism levelled at Cesarini is that anybody can pick and prepare a team the way he does. When he chose his original squad, Estudiantes de la Plata was the success team of the moment. He included six of their players with the idea of putting them in the eleven together and basing his plans on the Club's success formula. Two months later, with San Lorenzo unbeaten two-thirds of the way through the Metropolitan championship and playing the best soccer, seven San Lorenzo players (goalie Battice, halves Albrecht and Rosl, forwards Cocco, Rendo, Gonzalez and Fischer) were in the line-up against Uruguay.

These San Lorenzo stars haven't reproduced their club form in national colours and I know there are FA committee-men who would like to see the whole San Lorenzo team in the next international. Perhaps Cesarini would be doing the best thing in view of the difficulties in getting his squad together for training (already commented in previous articles).

San Lorenzo has had some very good young players for the last couple of years, but it needed a man like Brazilian coach Elba de Paula Lima ("Tim") to bring the best out of them. San Lorenzo play good soccer, some consider it unattractive, and do not put much importance on territorial superiority. They tend to concede the mid-field, even play in their own half, open up the opposing defence and strike in quick counter-attacks with a six-man forward-line.

Albrecht, sent off in the World Cup versus Germany, is the "strong man" behind the attack who hates to lose a ball and also has a soccer-brain. But Rendo figuring as a forward, but really a half, is the "thinker" who is all over the place, always finds the openings and makes most of the goals. But opposing teams with the idea of stopping San Lorenzo by marking Rendo out of the game, generally get nowhere. Although Rendo is only 5 ft. 4 ins., one man is usually not enough to mark him as he goes all over the field. Opponents have tried and found that it pulled at least one man out of position while a team-mate took over Rendo's roving role.

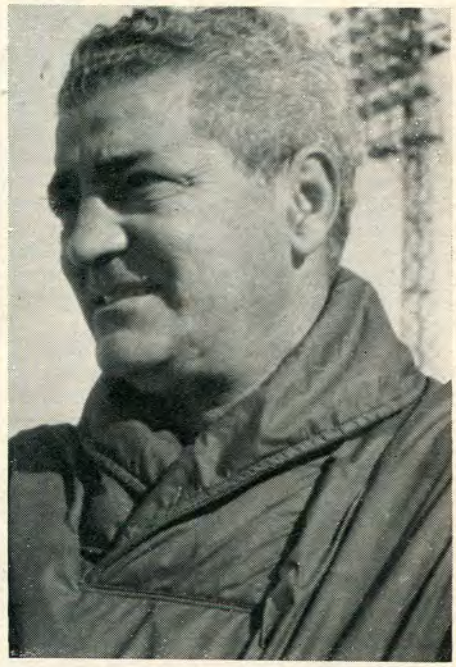
Modest coach "Tim" is seldom in the limelight. When congratulated about his team's performance, he generally shrugs his shoulders and says "I've got some very good players".

South American Cup winners, Estudiantes de La Plata, are certainly copying Racing Club, last year's winners and eventual Inter-Continental Champs, as closely as possible — even to the point of forgetting how to win league matches on the day they brought the South American Cup home. Since then they have only won one, drawn two and lost four of their next seven games. This put them from joint leadership of Section "A" of the Metropolitan Championship to seventh place and in danger of not even qualifying for the national championship with the top six, while they have virtually lost their chance of defending their Metropolitan title for which they would have to finish in the top two places.

Estudiantes' hard play brought them a series of injuries which almost jeopardized their chances of winning the South American Cup. During their Cup campaign, playing in a midweek game almost every week, they held their high league position in spite of frequent enforced team changes and sometimes even resting their entire first eleven. Only during the three-game final series, versus Palmeiras, did they ask to have league games postponed, which they have been playing off now during their bad patch.

No club seems to be able to avoid their "let-down" as soon as the tension of the South American Cup is off, but there is no doubt here that Estudiantes will get back to form as soon as their regular eleven is available again.

Matt Busby is the centre of most of the numerous articles appearing in newpapers and magazines on Manchester United, future opponents of Estudiantes de La Plata in the Inter-Continental Cup. What the articles never fail to point out, as an example to Argentine soccer, is the fact that Busby is in complete command at United, has been their Manager for 20 years and nobody ever thought of asking him to resign when United went through a bad patch or lost a vital game.



Salamone (ex-Atlanta) has revitalised Racing Club's attack.

First leg will be in South America

FOR the second year running, a British side will oppose an Argentinian team for the unofficial title of world club champions in the final of the so called Inter-Continental Cup. Last season we were treated to the disgraceful brawl between Celtic and Racing Club of Buenos Aires, which culminated in a play-off at Montevideo where four Scots and two Argentinians received marching orders. This time we have Manchester United versus Estudiantes de la Plata, but since it is Europe's turn to stage an eventual decider, the first leg will be held in South America.

Ten days before Manchester acclaimed United's European Cup victory, the city of La Plata celebrated wildly, the triumphant return of their heroes from Montevideo where they defeated Brazil's Palmeiras by 2-0 in the play-off for the Copa de los Libertadores de America or the South American Cup. Traffic on the main road from Buenos Aires came almost to a standstill as the coach carrying the victorious team set out on its ceremonial ride. The town erupted like a volcano with streets packed solid with people, red smoke bombs (in club colours) exploding in their hundreds and the festivities going on till dawn. Estudiantes won the tournament at their first attempt and the most tumultuous ovations were reserved for Hugo Medina plus the goalscorers Felipe Ribaudo and Juan Ramon Veron, the latter known here as "La Bruja" meaning "The Witch" because of his magical ball control.

La Plata, pop. 400,000, is a port some 45 miles from Buenos Aires, where United will almost certainly play, probably in the River Plate or Boca Juniors stadium, since the old, windswept and derelict ground of Estudiantes can only hold some 40,000 and offers little protection against hot-headed "hinchas", should they feel disposed to invade the pitch to celebrate — or otherwise!

Four years ago, one of Argentina's greatest tacticians, Osvaldo Zubeldia, took over this struggling and unfashionable club now enjoying the highest status in South America. Zubeldia was put in charge of the national side preparing for the last World Cup but resigned three months before the finals, following a series of disagreements with the FA and the big clubs. The former threw out his ambitious plan to enter the national side as a team in the league championship, while the latter refused to release their top stars because they preferred to concentrate on the lucrative South American Cup.

Zubeldia struggled with virtually a bunch of reserves and was being continually obstructed from all sides. When a request, to grant his assistant Antonio Faldutti equal responsibilities was also denied, Zubeldia finally called it a day but came over to England at his own expense to study the world's top teams fighting for the Jules Rimet trophy.

His next and last visit to Wembley was in a nature of a spying expedition for the Manchester United - Benfica European Final. You can be sure that he took careful note of the English team's potential and scrupulously analysed their strength and weaknesses. It is no secret that the Argentinians would have preferred to meet Benfica, not because they believe United are so much better but because they can cope with the similar Latin temperament easier than with the Anglo-Saxons.

Zubeldia, the soccer scientist, preaches hard work, sacrifices and modesty and these attributes, quite alien to the average Argentinian footballer, he has tried to incorporate in the preparation of the little known Estudiantes side. Together with a close friend and journalist Geronazzo, he wrote "Tactics and strategy of football" — the only book ever printed in Argentina which deals with systems and methods, so despised by most South Americans.

Estudiantes play to a strict code with nothing left to chance and most moves from set pieces (like corners, free kicks, throw-ins, near the penalty area, when counter-attacking etc.) are carefully rehearsed. Forget that in last year's national championship they scored only 19 goals in 15 matches but remember that they conceded only eight, to finish unbeaten though in second place. Take note that in the South American Cup semi-final their defence placed the Racing Club forwards 32 times offside!

No wonder they call them "IBM" or "The team manufactured in the laboratory." The eleven functions like an electronic brain but Zubeldia is fortunate to have acquired a bunch of intellectuals. There are two doctors and a dentist among his charges, whose average age is only 22. Men to watch: Goalkeeper Poletti, defenders Aguirre-Suarez, Malbernat the dentist and the two doctors Madero and Bilardo plus forwards Conigliaro and Veron, the goal-getter in-chief.

SEARCHING THE SOCCER SCENE . . .

The occasion that made referee Dienst famous . . . the World Cup Final. Dienst points to the centre as he awards England their vital third goal. (Met)

GOOD NIGHT VIENNA

NOTHING illustrates the decadence of Austrian football more profoundly than the plight of recently relegated Vienna, the country's oldest club. Full title: First Vienna Football Club. Founded: August 22, 1894. Colours: Blue and yellow — after adopting Baron Rothschild's racing colours. Their home: Hohe Warte stadium, in the suburb of Döbling, next door to the famous wine village of Grinzing.

Some of Austria's biggest internationals were once staged on their pitch. Here, in 1932 they defeated Hungary by 8-2. Today, this ground which once held 80,000 fans is falling apart, the stands are rotting away, weeds grow everywhere—the end of a football world. It is unbelievable to record that here the legendary "Wunder-team" was

Helmut Haller, in the colours of West Germany, evades a tackle by Caetano of Uruguay. Haller has recently been transferred from Bologna to Juventus. (Met)

born, with Austria's 5-0 triumph over Scotland in 1931, or that Vienna's colours were worn by such greats as Blum, Gschweidl and Uridil.

Vienna's outgoings today are double the figure of receipts. The fans have deserted the club and the youngsters can no longer find their way to the forgotten emporium. Next year the club will celebrate 75 years of existence — in the Second Division, and the weeds with the fungus will continue to sprout all over the Hohe Warte. You see, tradition alone is not enough.

DRAGAN TOPS

THE old-world village of Ub, lies in the Federal State of Serbia, some 100 miles from the Yugoslav capital, Belgrade. Seven years ago a modestly clad youth, wearing enormous, peasant-type boots left here for the big city and called at the Partizan Belgrade stadium asking for a trial. It was the end of the season and he was told to come back some other time. The young man could not afford another fare so he made for the Red Star ground where the coach of the junior side Milanic, offered him a four-year contract — and paid for his signature the princely sum of £23!

The youngster returned home overcome with joy. He made it at last. His name: Dragan Dzajic — today one of Europe's leading forwards. It was his goal which knocked out England in the European semi-finals and again his effort v. Italy so nearly won for Yugoslavia the title they so richly deserved. Now, at 22, Dzajic, a student of economic science and the scorer of over 200 goals in five years of first-class football is already sought by foreign clubs, notably from Italy, where he was voted the outstanding player of the tournament.

Yugoslavia, who lost three complete national sides within the last two years, through their stars emigrating all over Europe and North America in search of higher wages, are indeed fortunate to have found a new young outfit which was acclaimed throughout Europe as the moral champions. But main credit must go to their manager, 46-year-old Rajko Mitic who was capped 59 times and voted recently Yugoslavia's greatest player of all time. As he watched the semi-final in Florence his thoughts wandered back 14 years when the Slavs beat England in Belgrade also by 1-0. The scorer: Rajko Mitic. Even the Italian papers sportingly admitted that the Yugos were better in the first final and deserved to win. For the replay. Italy used five rested men, while the tired Slavs did not have adequate reserves, even to relieve some of their heroes who were clearly unfit. Yes, Dame Fortune decided the winners of the trophy — and it smiled on the hosts. In the March issue of *WORLD SOCCER*, I forecast that Italy would win mainly because of home advantage. But I had no idea that a French coin plus the antics of a supposedly neutral Swiss referee would also contribute to prove me right.

SERVICE INCLUDED

FEW Europeans, especially the Germans and Yugoslavs, will shed many tears over the announced retirement of Swiss referee Gottfried Dienst. Criticised after the World Cup Final when he was accused of partiality with his infamous decision to award England's third goal and now for his scandalous handling of the Italy v. Yugoslavia final of the European championship in Rome.

Even his own compatriots were astonished over his conduct which clearly favoured the home side — supposedly Herr Dienst's speciality. The Yugoslavs who beat England with ten men, after Osim was felled by Hunter in the fourth minute and could only hobble till the end, found themselves confronted by 12 opponents including Dienst, whose one-sided approach, provocative gestures aimed at the Slavs and autocratic demeanour frequently drew gasps of incredulity among the 500 journalists present. When Musemic was blatantly pushed in the back by Ferrini in the Italian penalty area, Herr Dienst refused a flagrant spot kick and when Domenghini equalised with a free kick the referee obstructed Petkovic by virtually treading on his toes! The name Dienst actually means service in German. One is tempted to say that the Italians were dished out a draw — including service!

RECORD SMASHED

THE world record fee for a footballer was easily smashed when Italy's most popular club Juventus paid Varese the astronomical sum of 660 million Lire (approx. £440,000) for centre forward Pietro Anastasi. The previous record stood at £243,000 which Roma handed Mantova five years ago for the services of Brazilian-born Angelo Benedetto Sormani, now AC Milan's centre forward.

Anastasi was born in Catania on April 7, 1948 and is the first Sicilian to play for his country. He made a promising debut in the Under-23 team which drew with England at Trieste and gained two full caps against Yugoslavia in the European final and the play-off.

. . . with ARTHUR ROTMIL

Speaking Personally

My expectations quickly in ruins

with LESLIE VERNON

IN this column last month I summed up the past season's football with despair and sadness. All aspects of the game had deteriorated in this truly terrible year. Sportsmanship was regarded as an outdated anachronism, the defensive mania reigned supreme at all levels. Vicious, crude tackling, "tactical fouling" were the dominating factors of almost every game. Entertainment, skill, artistry were only conspicuous by their absence.

These observations were written before the final stages of the European Championship and despite my better judgement, I secretly hoped that this very important tournament might produce something worth while, might provide a tiny guiding light out of the morass. These futile expectations were in ruins after five minutes of the very first semi-final! The climax of the year's football was just as bad—if not worse than what had gone before. These goal-less, clueless football "marathons" were nothing more than a nightmare of destruction, anti-propaganda for the game for the countless millions suffering in front of their television sets all over Europe.

Alan Ball of Everton and England. (A)

It is becoming increasingly obvious that certain prizes are "meant" for certain teams. When I criticised the running of the World Cup in 1966, I was not motivated by any animosity towards the eventual winners, but I had the uncomfortable feeling that from the draw onwards, the home team had all the cards stacked in their favour. The same impression prevailed in Italy! The crowd, the venues and most damningly significant, the refereeing, were very much favouring the home team.

FRIENDS

Herr Dienst must have either some very good friends in high places, or his Swiss nationality inspires misguided confidence. In any case, after his handling of the World Cup Final, I would not have imagined that he would be entrusted with another "plum" like the European Championship Final.

Yugoslavia played excellent scintillating football in the first match—the one bright spot of the entire tournament, but they were denied an obvious penalty and missed sitters galore. They should have won about 4-1 and we would have had the satisfaction of knowing that the best team carried off the trophy. But Mr. Dienst's whistle remained silent at the crucial moment, the chances had gone. By the second match, Burgnich found an answer to Djasits, and the Italians celebrated a victory they scarcely deserved. Even in this age of over-commercialised football, a "victory" by the toss of a coin (v. Russia) and a lucky draw, cannot be considered as a "glorious path" to a replayed Final.

The foreign press gave due credit to Yugoslavia and to their manager, Rajko Mitic, who has done a remarkable re-building job in a very short time. The reaction of the British press was rather more complex and warrants close attention. Although the journalists admitted that the England team played badly, was jaded and stale, they would not accept just defeat.

Instead, most of them trotted out the usual accusations against the plotting Continentals — dirty play, "over-acting" injuries, obstructions, interpretation of laws, etc., etc. and etc. *ad nauseum*. My much respected colleague, Mr. Gordon Jeffery, (*Soccer Star* 21/6/68) even took the trouble to conjure up a timetable of atrocities during the Yugoslavia-England match. He proves it conclusively (and I believe him!) that Alan Ball was tripped a full two minutes before Hunter kicked Osim!

Good old Hunter, he kept his temper for 120 seconds! Alan Mullery was even more patient, he waited another 79 minutes before kicking one of the opponents. The implication is of course that the English players' brutality was more or less justified, they were "only" retaliating. This fashionable parrot cry, "retaliation" has no place in the rule books. On a football field, every action has to be judged on its own merits, not as a consequence or precedent. In any case, how could Hunter retaliate on Osim for a foul committed by another player against Ball?

STOMACH

If we accept this kind of twisted thinking, there will be unlimited possibilities of retaliation. If, for example, "their" centre-forward fouls "our" full-back, "our" centre-forward is entitled to kick "their" goalkeeper in the stomach! This line of argument is obviously not only ridiculous, but very dangerous too. Whitewashing players in public will only encourage other hot-heads to act in a similar way in the future. After all, they had a *carte blanche*, not only from their "ready-to-forgive-anything" managers, but from the gentlemen of the press as well.

I am dwelling on this point deliberately not because I wish to pick a quarrel with anybody, but because I feel that now, on the eve of a new season, we have to spell out exactly what the duties of the football journalists are. It is generally recognised that the game is going through a very difficult period due to several factors, such as the permissive society we live in, the increased financial inducements for winning, the deterioration of the manager's moral authority, the incompetence of the referees. Officials and the vast majority of the players alike would rather participate in a well-organised, sportsmanlike competition, but the trend has been going against this to such an extent, that now everybody takes it for granted that the laws of the jungle apply in football.

TERRACES

Since the people in charge are unable to stop these unsavory developments, it is clearly the task of the football writers to focus attention on the ills of the game. Journalists have a great influence on public opinion. People on the terraces often voice certain views as their own not realising that they are merely repeating things they either read in their morning papers or heard on television. This immense power of the written word should be used only for the good of the game. How? Here are a few pointers for the pressmen.

1. Forget the "witch-hunt" against the Continentals. This division between Europe and England only exists in your minds. The foreigners regard England as just another footballing nation in Europe.

2. Your main duty is to clean up the game **here.** What happens anywhere else is not our business. We, as World Champions and inventors of the game, must show an example of outstanding sportsmanship in victory or defeat.

3. Call a spade a spade! Do not couch your reports in soft words when reporting dirty play. Don't talk about retaliation without naming the original sinner. Show up the over-tough players to the public so that they may be treated with the contempt they deserve. If the club managements do not like to read the truth about their players, perhaps they will change their attitudes — or the players.

4. Criticise the referees ruthlessly. Name the "homers", the incompetent weaklings, the over-tolerant non-entities, who do not

● *Continued on page* 23

BRIAN GLANVILLE:

EUROPEAN NOTEBOOK

THOSE who watched the final matches of last June's European Championship on television will no doubt have retained a traumatising memory of that rowdy, one-eyed, infinitely dislikeable Roman crowd. They would surely have been surprised to have read the indulgent, avuncular reports of its behaviour which appeared in the Italian Press. Long "colour" pieces about how the Romans arrived with their packed meals, ready to take up their earnest vigil on the terraces, determined to refute their past reputation as spectators who did nothing for the national team; how, when the police confiscated their bottles of wine, they promptly drank them at the roadside. How, with unequalled vitality and brio, they roared on their national team, and so on and so forth.

Others among us might have taken away the overwhelming impression of disgust which this Roman crowd has seldom failed to leave on me, during my 15-year acquaintanceship with it. They will remember the way in which the England team was jeered by Communists on the terraces, as its very names went up on the electric scoreboard, how poor Nobby Stiles was whistled whenever he went near the ball, how exactly the same treatment was meted out to the Yugoslavs in their matches with Italy, whenever they were in possession.

Thus the letter written to the *Corriere Della Sera*, Italy's leading daily newspaper, by that gifted and diverting journalist, Indro Montanelli, gave particular pleasure. All credit to Montanelli, one of the paper's most distinguished contributors, for writing it, and to my friend Gino Palumbo, the sports editor, to whom it was addressed, for publishing it.

"I, too," said Montanelli, "sat in front of the television screen to watch the two matches between Italy and Yugoslavia. And I, too, join in the applause for our eleven boys who, partly with the help of the referees, partly with that of Saint Gennaro (*a reference to the two-headed Janus!*), in winning the toss, but partly, too, with their dash and fervour, managed to make up for their inferiority in class *vis-à-vis* their opponents."

But, added Montanelli, he was grateful to the television for allowing him to watch the matches without becoming one of the "marvellous crowd" — as certain newspapers called it. Because he himself found that crowd not a bit marvellous, but merely indecent. "Let's forget its behaviour towards the English, who proved that in terms of ability they deserved first place, even if they took third place. The tumult of whistling which uninterruptedly accompanied their superb display against the Russians simply showed the colonial zeal of our Communists where the Soviet mother country is involved.

"Against the Yugoslavs, the phenomenon was repeated on a still more massive scale. The 'marvellous crowd' never ceased to inveigh against them throughout the first half of last Saturday's match, when they gave us a memorable lesson in fine play. This isn't sport. It isn't even partisanship, because that consists in encouraging your own team, not insulting and intimidating your opponents." The whistling which greeted Yugoslavia's splendid attacks, he pursued, wasn't partisanship, still less patriotism. It was ill breeding, loutishness, incivility; in short, the behaviour of a depressed area.

It isn't enough to abstain from praising such behaviour; it must be condemned, even at the cost of losing readers. A country can be judged by the behaviour in its stadiums, too, and the wretched behaviour in Italian stadiums is reflected in social relations, of every kind. To call the sort of behaviour seen in Rome "marvellous" isn't good journalism, but merely bad demagogy.

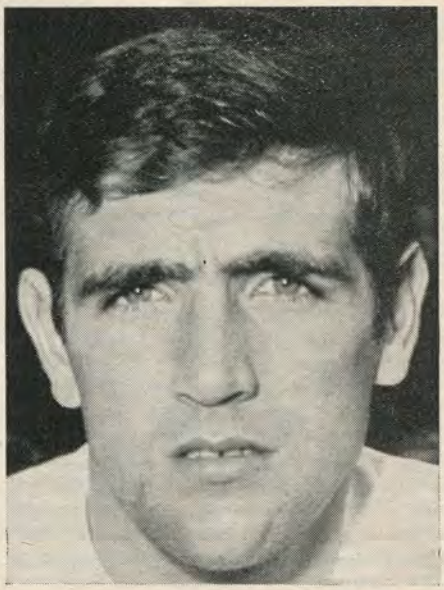
One must endorse Montanelli's vigorously and gracefully expressed views as wholeheartedly as one can; with one proviso. Wretched, childish and despicable as the Roman crowd can be, it does at least stop short of the vicious terrace fighting, the physical intimidation of opposing fans, which is a commonplace in British stadiums. We, indeed, have nothing whatever to be proud of, and while condemning the behaviour of the Roman crowd, must remain guiltily aware of our own deplorable shortcomings.

The day after Italy won the Championship, I took part in a television programme in Rome, whose purpose was to celebrate the victory. It was like nothing so much as a glorified children's party. Everyone was there: Zoff, De Sisti, Facchetti and Domenghini, of the winning team, Picchi, the Italian skipper till he was badly injured playing against Bulgaria in the quarter-finals; Vittorio Pozzo, the "old lion", now over 80, who won Italy two World Cups between the wars, Helenio Herrera, newly appointed the manager of Roma, together with the odd singer and actress. When Italy's goals were shown on the monitor screens, everyone applauded. A brisk actor called Albertazzi, a blond young man in an open necked shirt and with an actor's penchant for talking rather than listening, was the interviewer.

When it came to my turn, and I was asked what bearing I thought the results of this tournament might have on the 1970 World Cup, I replied that I seemed to be playing the part of spectre at the feast, since I thought it had been a wretched tournament, without a real winner. But I admired the abilities of the Italian player enormously, even if he were so much better at home than he was away, and I thought I'd conceived a plan whereby he might win the World Cup, too.

"Yes, yes," said Albertazzi, impatiently; "by taking all the flags and banners we'd seen in Rome." "No," I said. "By taking the mothers of all the players to Mexico."

Dino Zoff, the likeable and talented goalkeeper, shook his head at me sadly. "*E stato cattivo con noi,*" he said. You've been bad with us.



Norman Hunter, the Leeds United and England wing-half who has been under fire of late. (A)

Other Italians, I am happy to say, *were* amused.

Not since I wrote that Scotland's victory over England at Wembley, in 1967, was anything but brilliant, have I had so many letters as followed my criticism of the choice of Norman Hunter against Yugoslavia, in preference to Hurst. Most came from Leeds United supporters and, as you might imagine, were heated, expostulatory, one-eyed and outraged. Supporters, alas, are supporters, the world over. Others, more temperately expressed, were just as fervently in agreement.

I had made, in the *Sunday Times*, two points. First, that to prefer an essentially destructive player like Hunter to Hurst was an enormous tactical error, which probably cost England the match. Those who wrote, before the Russian match, protesting that Hurst had been out of form in Hanover, were fully answered in Rome. Second, I maintained that if you pick a player of Hunter's disposition, who fells Osim in the opening minutes and renders him ineffective for the rest of the game, you lose your right to strike the moral attitudes adopted by Alf Ramsey, after the game.

One was, of course, assailed by pages of drivel about London bias, persecution by a section of the Press of Leeds United, the superiority of the North, and all that dated jazz. It reminded me of George Orwell's splendid debunking passage in *The Road to Wigan Pier* on the subject of Northern superiority, where he mentions the little Yorkshireman, 32 inches round the chest, who'd certainly run away if a fox terrier barked at him, who told him that, in the South, he felt like a wild invader!

Heaven forbid that one should be dragged into this footling, subjective, futile controversy. And isn't it time that Leeds supporters, hurt by steady criticism of their team's methods, remembered an old Chinese proverb: If one person tells you you are drunk, laugh at him. If two people tell you you are drunk, go to bed.

A Short Story by BRIAN GLANVILLE

The AGENTS

PART ONE

WHEN I lifted the telephone, a voice cried; as though springing an ecstatic surprise. *"Ciào, Brian! Sono Beppe!"*

"Ciào, come stai?" I said, and wondered what he wanted.

"It's so long since we've seen each other!" he pursued, in Italian, still fortissimo, with his strong Southern accent. "I arrived in London yesterday. When shall we meet? What are you doing now? Come here to my hotel and we'll have lunch!"

"Which hotel?"

"The usual one," he said reproachfully; I realised that I should have known. "The Oxford Towers."

When I came into the foyer, his plump little figure came bouncing across the carpets to meet me, the huge eyes full of a conscious, qualified sincerity. *"Ciào, caro!"* he said, enfolding my hand in his cushioned hand. There was enough restraint in the performance to remind me of what had been implied on the telephone, the projection of a personality.

"Brian!" Now he spoke in English, taking my arm. "We don't meet enough. You know, when I see you, I see Italy. I think I'm in Rome again; you know? Really!"

I might have reciprocated, for in Beppe, too, I saw Italy; or rather, a perpetual aspect of Italy: the deprived South, transcending itself, with its driving need to cut *la bella figura.* I noticed that he'd put on weight; there was more flesh at the jowls, signs of indulgence. His suit was the best I had seen him in, and he smelled a little of toilet water. "When I'm with *you,* Brian, I think I'm in Piazza di Spagna! Honestly!"

When I'm with you, Beppe, I think I'm in Foggia. But I did not say this to him. I had known him for years, known him when he was up and when he was down; when he was scratching a living as an interpreter, when he was driving a scarlet Alfa Romeo through Rome like a scourge, when he was the whipping-boy of Naples—the team was doing badly, and he had engaged their new players. Since then, he had brought off his coup, the signing of McDougald, the Scottish winger, for Internazionale. McDougald was now the toast of Milan and Beppe, flourishing in his wake, had set upon himself a new and higher valuation, at which the world was expected to take him, too.

We drank Chianti with our lunch. When we had finished, Beppe smoked a cigar, and it was only then, as he sensuously exhaled, that he asked, "Do you know Bill Vining?"

"Pretty well," I said.

"You think he's a good boy? I mean, the sort of player who'd do well in Italy?"

"His club would never let him go."

Beppe shrugged with one plump shoulder. *"Vedremo, eh?* We'll see."

"He'd certainly do well, if you could get him."

"How much do you think they'd want? His club, I mean."

"About a hundred thousand—if they were prepared to part at all."

This did not seem to discourage him. He was clearly working for a very rich club indeed.

"Brian: tell him he should come to Trastevere. *You* know Rome. I mean, you tell him what a wonderful thing he'd do. He'd get *everything.* I'm not joking. Car, apartment, marvellous bonuses."

"Beppe, I'm a journalist," I said, feeling the humbug and temporiser that I knew he'd take me for.

"Very well," he said—now in Italian again—"you're a journalist, but you can mention it to him. There's no harm in that, is there?"

"I'd rather not."

"For me. As a favour. You're a friend of mine. Try to convince him."

"How can I? The manager's a friend of mine as well." Besides, who would throw any green young Englishman into the cauldron of Roman football, with its serpentine intrigues, its hysteric press, the gilded temptations of Via Veneto?

"Brian: you disappoint me."

"I'm very sorry."

"I thought you were my friend."

"I am."

"Rovers won't lose. We'll pay them anything they want—even a hundred thousand pounds. Vining may never have another chance like this in all his life."

"He'd certainly make a lot of money."

"Tell him, then!" Beppe leaned across the table; he put his hand on mine, his eyes were full of sincerity and a liquid appeal.

"Yes, I'll gladly tell him *that,* Beppe, when I see him."

"Sei il mio amico."

As we took our leave, outside the hotel, he looked up at me and begged, "But you won't write anything about this?"

"Of course not."

"Good, good, your word . . . I always trust you. And you'll have the story first, I promise you. Before everyone. *Ciào, caro."*

* * *

Maurizio arrived at the end of that week. He, too, saluted me by telephone "You're here for Vining," I said.

"Oh! Who told you?"

"You must be. Beppe Valentini's here as well."

"Ma no! How long has he been here?"

"Only a few days. He's working for Trastevere."

"I know, I know. *Ha combinato qualcosa?* Has he managed anything?"

"I don't think so."

"Let's hope not, let's hope not. Can I meet you? As soon as possible? It's very important."

"Of course . . ."

"And listen . . . you won't say anything to anybody? You won't put it in the paper? Word of honour?"

"Of course not."

We met that afternoon, outside a public-house in Soho. I arrived there first, and was able thus to see Maurizio as he came round a corner, wrapped in his air of constant conspiracy, his eyes darting like astonished fish. He was tall and very thin and his face was that of a melancholy fox, its sadness somehow emphasised by his long, bony nose; his hair was cropped in a style that did not suit him. He greeted me with nervous delight, his lean hand pumping mine, *"Mi fa piacere."* At closer quarters, he seemed too vulnerable, too confused and innocent, for successful intrigue, as if doomed to remain the pawn, the put-upon. And yet he got things done, I knew it; blundering in where angels feared to tread, God's fool, outflanking those who laughed at him.

"This way!" he said, and guided me down a side street. "I don't want to go past that café—the one with the waiters. If they see me, they'll know; the news will be all over Milan by this evening."

I glanced over my shoulder. As usual, the café's clients had overflowed onto the pavement, where they were shouting amiably at one another in the way of the piazza. Passing by, one always heard the words, "Juventus . . . Milan . . . Inter".

We walked down into Shaftesbury Avenue, and along Piccadilly to Green Park. "You're here for Milan, then?" I asked him.

"No, no, I swear to you."

"Then who?"

Maurizio ducked his head, gave his strange giggle, looked at me out of the corner of his eye, and said, "For Ambrosiana."

There was, I thought, a symmetry about it all, for if Trastevere were the third force among the Roman clubs, then Ambrosiana were the third force in Milan.

It was spring, but the foliage of the plane trees had yet to burst forth and transform the park; for the moment it lay bare and unprotected, under a premature sun. Here and there, tramps were asleep on the resilient grass, and courting couples were whispering, to transistor radios. We found two deck-chairs and Maurizio sat restlessly, his long fingers plucking now and then at the lapel of his well-cut overcoat. "Do you think I'll succeed?" he asked. I thought it most unlikely, even impossible, but he'd surprised me before. "Perhaps."

"I want your advice," he said.

"On how to get hold of Vining?"

"No, no, I know that. I saw him this morning," and he gave me a furtive smile, as if half proud and half ashamed .

You're a phenomenon, Maurizio. What did he say?"

"Insomma . . . He said he's very interested, but he didn't mention Valentini. Do you think he's a serious boy?"

"Yes, as far as I know. You haven't talked to the club at all?"

"Per Bacco!" he said, and giggled. The agent's approach was invariable; rational, Latin and illicit. If the club were approached, the club said no; the method, therefore, was to go to the player, planting the seeds of ambition. "But has Valentini spoken to Vining? Do you know?"

"I should think he must have done by now."

"Then it's getting serious," Maurizio said. "But I think if Vining's sensible he'll come to Milan and not to Rome." He darted me a glance. "Don't you think so?"

"It's easier to play there, certainly."

"And the money. Celio doesn't mind what he offers. You know he makes armaments? You know he's almost as big as Berretta?"

"Yes."

"But how can I convince Vining? If *you* could tell him." I was silent; Maurizio was silent, too. At length he said, looking towards St. James's, "It isn't that I want to worry you . . . He knows you've lived in Italy. He said, yes, I like him, I know him well. You know that I don't like to ask you."

"It's a bit difficult, Maurizio."

"Yes, yes, and then there's another difficulty; he's got an agent."

"An agent? Who?"

"Ma . . . A peasant. A good-for-nothing . . . A great big man with a red face."

"Jack Collins?"

"You know him?"

INDUCEMENTS

"Yes," I said, and I began to laugh. Whatever my surprise, the description had been inescapable. Until a year ago, Collins had been the Rovers' coach, a term which covered his actual function as the club's "finger man", offering illegal inducements to amateurs and schoolboy stars, pounds of steak and overcoats to their parents. It was he who had "discovered" Vining, or rather, had hooked him for the club, after he had been seen on a million television screens, in a schoolboy international match at Wembley. Now, Collins was running a sweet shop in the Mile End Road. It was he who was the third agent to telephone me.

* * *

"You'll never guess who this is!" he said, in his high, plaintive, fat man's voice. I guessed. "Well, you'll never guess what it's about." I guessed again. "That's right," he said, with shocked alarm, "but you'll keep it dark? You won't be writing about it, will you?"

"No."

"Brian: Bill and I would like to meet you. We'd like to have a talk to you; we think you can help us. I mean, knowing these places. You've lived there. We haven't lived there, Brian."

We met the following evening, above his sweet shop; his lean wife greeted me, and disappeared. There were encyclopædias in a bookcase, a dim cabinet of unused china. "He's got to have somebody to look after him, Brian," Collins said, as though I had impugned him. "He's only a young boy, he wouldn't know *where* he is, so naturally he come to me." He sat down, hitching his trousers above his high, black, massive boots; his great pink face was full of a resentful innocence. "He knows I looked after him when he came to Rovers."

Acknowledgements are made to Brian Glanville, whose story The Agents is taken from his book "Goalkeepers Are Crazy" and to Jonathan Cape Ltd., 30 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

"Of course," I said.

"The boy knows that. He admits it. He was very upset when I left. I mean, you'd never believe it, Brian, if I told you some of the diabolical things that have gone on." The doorbell rang below. "That'll be Bill," said Collins, and heaved from his chair to lumber downstairs.

When he returned, Vining was with him. "Hallo, Brian," he said, greeting me with a certain wary goodwill, which he'd acquired since he had become famous. He was not particularly tall or broad—least of all for a centre-forward—but there was a spare, balanced quality about his whole body, as though every inch and ounce were turned to use. His cheeks were still the rosy cheeks of a boy, his blond hair was combed and creamed into a gradation of elaborate waves, and he had about him the Cockney's alert self-possession. "All right, then?" he said.

"I'm all right," I said. "I've kept hearing about you, all this week."

"Yeah," he said, "Jackie told me.'

Collins offered us a drink, but Vining refused. "The thing is, Brian," Collins said, "which are we to choose?"

"Do you really want to go, Bill?" I asked.

"You got to think about the money," he said, with grave, almost mystic conviction.

"Why should he stay here?" asked Collins, all high-pitched sincerity—as though he were on a platform. "What does he get for it? Twenty quid a week, and at the end of it they throw him on the scrapheap, just like they done to me!"

Vining said nothing. He sat there, legs apart, wearing his cocky, characteristic, good-humoured grin.

"My view is," said Collins, "we ought to choose the one that gives the most money. The one that makes the biggest bid gets him, that's sensible, but I just want to be sure there aren't no snags, that I wouldn't know about and you *might*."

"They might both go and offer the same money," Vining said.

"They might both get turned down," I answered.

"Oh, no, they won't," said Collins, *"we'll* see to it. If the Rovers won't let him go, he'll refuse to sign on for next season, won't you, Billy? Then they'll have to give in, if they see he's really got his mind made up."

"They don't have to. If they're obstinate, they can keep him hanging on for weeks without any wages."

"They'll have to transfer him," Collins said, "they got no alternative. They'd have the press and the whole country against them. They'd *have* to climb down."

"Well, if they *do* climb down, your best bet is Milan."

"I fancy Rome, meself," said Vining. I told him why I thought he was wrong. "I don't know," he said, "I mean, all them Roman women. Smashing. We was there last year, on a tour."

"Yes, but Brian *knows*, Bill," Collins said. "You want to listen to him."

For a week, I heard no more. Then, on the front page of my morning newspaper, a headline confronted me: ITALIAN CLUB BIDS £100,000 FOR BILL VINING. Beneath it, there was chapter and verse; that the club was Ambrosiana, of Milan, that their agent, Signor Maurizio Giovannini, was empowered to offer £100,000 for Vining, that the player himself would receive £20,000 for a three-year contract. An hour later, Maurizio himself was on the phone, hurried and alarmed.

ANSWERED

"Ciào, sono Maurizio. Come stai?"

"All right," I answered coldly, in English, "and you?"

"Nobbad." His English was impervious to time and use. "You've seen the newspaper?"

"Yes."

"But listen, it wasn't my fault. I swear to you—on the head of my son."

"I believe you, I believe you."

"You know what happened? Dan Maycock telephoned me"—it was Maycock who had written the story.

"How did he know you were in London?"

"I've no idea."

"Perhaps he'd spoken to Bill, and Bill told him?"

"No, no, he phoned Bill and Bill wouldn't tell him anything. I've talked to him."

"Collins, then?"

"Possibile, possibile . . . but I don't think so."

"Then what did *you* say to him?"

"Nothing, *ti giuro*. He said he'd heard I was over here looking for a player, for one of the Milan clubs, and I said 'No, no, I'm just thinking of opening another cinema, like the one I had in Wimbledon.' Then he said, 'I heard you were after a London player for Milan,' and I said 'No, no, I'm not working for Milan any more.' So he said, 'Then it must be Inter'. And I said, 'No, it isn't Inter,' so then he laughed and said, 'It must be Ambrosiana, then.' And I said, 'Why should it be?' Then he said, 'Well, can you tell me if there's any particular player you're looking at?' And I said, 'Well, there might be, just *looking* at them.' And he said, 'Is it an inside-forward?' And I said 'No, it's not an inside-forward.' So he said, 'Is it a winger?' And I said 'No, it isn't.' And he said, 'Well, then, it must be a centre-forward; it must be David Herd, of Arsenal.' And I said, 'No, no, he isn't Scottish.' 'Then he must be English,' he said; you know how he laughs when he wants to find something out; very false—'It must be Billy Vining.' And I said, 'You're joking.' Then he added, 'Suppose it *was* Billy, how much would an Italian club pay for him?' And I said, 'One of the rich ones? I don't know; about £100,000'."

"I see," I said.

"You think I've been indiscreet?"

"Perhaps a little."

"I'm worried about what they'll think in Milan. They'll think I'm a blabber-mouth."

"Why should they?"

● *Continued on page 32*

Whither the Fairs Cup?

THE draw for the 1968-69 Fairs Cup competition reveals an entry list that an advertiser would describe as being "bigger and better than ever"—and with more truth than one expects to find in advertisements, even though my own pleasure at the Fairs Cup list is tempered by my annual realisation that there is an even better quality field for the Continentals' summer Pools competition — Inter-Toto, Rappan Cup and now, the new official title with UEFA assuming greater control over it, the International Cup.

Of national championship winners due to take part in the 1968-69 European Champions Cup competition, Ajax of Amsterdam, St. Etienne of France, Nuremberg of West Germany, Rapid of Austria and Anderlecht of Belgium are all engaged in this summer season competition—and there are numerous runners-up amongst the 50 clubs from 14 countries who are taking part. British clubs are, of course, notable exceptions which explains why we hear so little about Rappan!

British clubs are well to the fore in the Fairs Cup for which the number of entrants has jumped from 48 to 64 with the number of countries represented also rising—from 25 to 27. Only six national associations affiliated to the European Federation are not represented—Albania, Cyprus, Finland, Iceland, the Soviet Union and Wales. Small wonder the UEFA feel that the time has come for them to assume responsibility for running a competition so eagerly sought after by clubs throughout Europe — but for what purpose? A competition in its own right? A consolation prize for narrowly missing participation in the Champions Cup? A training spin to gain experience of European inter-club competitive play in anticipation of perhaps some time competing in the major club competition?

What do clubs—and their supporters — want from the Fairs Cup? How do UEFA see it within the pattern of European club football as a whole?

Each question suggests another with about the only certain things that the Fairs Cup, neither in form nor in effect, bears little resemblance to the good idea that conceived it, and that it has been allowed to grow like little Topsy with uncertain and variable—not to say inconsistent—parental control and no regard to its sustenance. It has grown big —and awkward—because of the whole slabs of cake, more than mere crumbs, that fell from the Champions' Cup table.

The Fairs Cup began, like the "European Cup" that began a little later, as a competition in which teams were *invited* to take part—but whereas for the "European Cup" the teams were from *clubs* the teams for the Fairs Cup were expected to represent *cities*. The distinction is a very important one. The broader European club competition, brought into being by the French sporting newspaper, *L'Equipé* whilst the European football authorities seemed to want to go on talking about it as they had done regularly since the end of the war, was also intended as a championship for European clubs and, as such, needed the participation of the best (i.e. the champion clubs) from each country.

ACCEPTED

That, in fact, some clubs who participated in the first competition were not their national champions was simply because *L'Equipé's* committee had to send out invitations in advance of the end of the various national championship seasons and not all their crystal ball gazing proved accurate. Once the basis of the competition was accepted by the various national associations — some of whom like, notably, the Football Association, were still more ready to talk than to act—the qualification for entry was simply that of winning the appropriate national championship.

It could not have been otherwise in a competition to determine the champion club of Europe — and in a competition that was always likely to be attractive to the professional clubs as a revenue-raiser as much as an honour. Time indeed has shown it to be an extremely lucrative competition with the ultimate rewards to the winners far in excess of the pesetas, escudos, lira or pounds gained in the competition itself. The price for a friendly engagement of clubs like Real Madrid, Benfica and Inter-Milan could be appreciably increased at times when they could parade the title of club champions of Europe.

The Fairs Cup was, by contrast, intended to foster friendship between cities rather than to raise cash for clubs. The original, wholly laudable post-war idea was for the matches to coincide with the holding of International Trade Fairs. When, as in the first competition for example, Frankfurt or Basle, or both, visited London to play the London representative XI, the date could coincide with perhaps the Motor Show at Earls Court. That, at any rate, was the rough idea and nine countries expressed interest—England, Austria, Denmark, both East and West Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. Between them they entered the 12 teams necessary to make up four tidy groups of three with the four group winners qualifying for the semi-finals.

In fact the single Austrian entry, Vienna, withdrew without playing a match in a group completed by Barcelona and Copenhagen; and the West Germans Cologne similarly withdrew from the Lausanne and — tactlessly—Leipzig group. The West Germans were still represented however—by Frankfurt. Austria seemed to have lost all interest in the competition and no Austrian team did play in the Fairs Cup until the fifth competition—seven years later. The remaining eight countries—Denmark represented by Copenhagen, Spain by Barcelona, England by London and Birmingham, East Germany by Leipzig (amongst the very oldest of genuine "Fairs" cities), West Germany by Frankfurt, Italy by Milan, Switzerland by Lausanne and Basle, and Yugoslavia by Zagreb — have continued to support the competition without any break even though, in most cases, the idea of a team representing a city was soon abandoned.

Indeed from the beginning, although the London XI was a representative one (with players from Arsenal, Chelsea, Spurs, Brentford, West Ham and Fulham all in the teams that played in the two-legged final against Barcelona), Birmingham were represented by Birmingham City FC; Milan were represented by Internazionale.

Chelsea manager Dave Sexton . . . ready for his travels into European competition next season? (A)

RETAINED

Despite this immediate departure from the original conception, the rough outline of the city being represented has been retained —when it suited the purpose of the organisers. Only last season for example Clyde's application to compete was rejected on the grounds that another Glasgow club—Rangers—had been accepted and Glasgow were therefore already represented.

A fair argument and one that reflected the basic intentions of the competitions — unfortunately there had been several cases in previous competitions of two clubs from the same city appearing in the same competition — Espanol and Barcelona in both 1961-62 and 1965-66 and (possibly on the contention that two wrongs do make a right) Hearts and Hibernian in those same two competitions. Indeed it was more

Part One by GORDON JEFFERY

than two wrongs making a right, since in 1961-62 both Inter and AC Milan were in the competition and in 1965-66 both Aris and PAOK of Salonika!

So Clyde's rejection (and, by implication, although it seems possible that no application was made on their behalf, that of Everton and Tottenham this season) was based upon a renewal of a basic intention of the competition but an intention that had, along with much else, been abandoned in the years between. Curiously this return to the past as a reason to reject Clyde's application, coincided with a refusal to accept Queen's Park Rangers (despite the fact that, in a manner accepted by their national "sponsors", they had earned a place on merit) on the grounds that they were not good enough! Yet the *quality* of a team had never been written into the original idea of the competition fostering friendship between trade cities!

On the one hand, therefore, we had the organising committee rejecting a club because they wanted to keep the competition reserved for leading First Division clubs in various countries: on the other hand we had a leading First Division club being rejected because of a "rule" remembered from the origins of the competition when, far from the emphasis being on leading clubs, the intention was for city representative elevens to take part. An intention forgotten also, to peep into the jumble from another angle, when Sheffield Wednesday, in the middle-reaches of the competition's history, were annoyed to discover that their Netherlands opponents might be a Utrecht XI rather than a Utrecht club side (DOS)!

INVOLVED

The muddle that has been always with the Fairs Cup competition has arisen because of the conflicting interests involved and because events have overtaken the good intentions. As originally planned the competition belonged to an age that is gone; an age when Arsenal would fulfil their occasional fixture with the Racing Club of Paris, and the Corinthians could still make their appearance in the Third Round of the FA Cup; when, within Britain, the Scots selectors could take a look at their trialists in a match between the Home Scots and the Anglo Scots, and a Sheffield XI played a London XI.

Even amongst the original eight (excluding the Austrians who did not compete) there had developed too many national variations for the Fairs City angle to prosper. There was always the possibility of friction between East and West German representation — however well-intentioned their football authorities might be; there was in Denmark the longstanding Stavnet combination of Copenhagen clubs ideally equipped to supply, select, train, organise, etc., the city's representative XI in the Fairs Cup; there was, on the other hand, no very strong possibility of Inter and AC in Milan sharing a "city selection". In London although, on paper, there was no particular obstacle in the way of a selection, there was the problem of who would select the players, who train them, who arrange the financial side of the London XI — and who would support the selection? (Try it today and ask any Arsenal, Chelsea, West Ham, Spurs, QPR fan to pick a London eleven!)

With no great compulsion about the competition, no incentive to particular clubs, it was not surprising that the first competition, despite the withdrawal of Vienna and Cologne that reduced the competitors to ten and the total number of matches played to 23, lasted from 1955 to 1958.

And during that time the European Champions Cup had started and, from the very beginning, been successful beyond anyone's expectations. It was thus against the background of the Champions Cup that future Fairs Cup competitions had to be judged with the ambitions of professional clubs steadily eroding what remained of the original intentions. Copenhagen and Leipzig remained constant throughout the first ten competitions: Zagreb and later Belgrade; Basle and Lausanne; and Cologne have usually been represented except when the senior club of the city was otherwise engaged—in the Champions or the Cup-Winners Cup competitions.

But, without any defined measure of qualification, for the rest there has been too much jostling between associations for places and, once those places had been allocated, too much jostling between clubs for them. England, with their leadership of the professional clubs divided between the Football Association and the Football League, have often come off badly in the exchanges, lagging often behind Spain and Italy and West Germany in terms of representation despite the acknowledged strength of the Football League's First Division and the attraction of its clubs.

(*Part Two next month*)

Leeds United centre-forward Mick Jones chases for goal with Rangers skipper John Greig in pursuit during an Inter-Cities Fairs Cup tie last season. (Harris)

Speaking Personally

LESLIE VERNON ● *Continued from page 18*

exercise their authority. Point out that a referee should have the courage to send off a player in the first minute of a game, if he is guilty of a deliberate foul. Emphasise that the refs' puerile cry, "the authorities do not back us up" is eyewash, since the ref should only be concerned with the 90 minutes football he is in charge of.

5. Name the "Oliviers" on our pitches. The foreigners haven't got the copyright of "overplaying" injuries. The "magic sponge" expression was invented in England!

6. Attack those managers who tacitly encourage dirty play. Condemn those managers who actively foster negative football. If a team desperately defends a one-goal lead, do not say that they "closed up the game". Say that they "ruined the match as an entertainment with their cowardly outlook".

Some people might think that football writers do not need any advice, they know exactly what is required. That is perfectly true. But I am anxious about the future of this great sport and I feel compelled to set out what I personally would like to see in print next season.

Finally, let us celebrate a small victory for this column. I have been campaigning for a "64-team" Fairs Cup for years, and last month for the first time, they put 64 names in the hat! The selection of the entries is still a bit lopsided, but there are a great many excellent teams competing for the trophy. I am sure that the Fairs Cup will provide colourful, exciting, popular fare everywhere in Europe. Here is the breakdown of the participants from each country:

4 each from: England, Scotland, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, W. Germany, France, Portugal.

3 each: Belgium, Switzerland, Holland.

2 each: E. Germany, Denmark, Greece, Austria, Bulgaria, Rumania, Sweden.

1 each: N. Ireland, Hungary, Luxembourg, Malta, Norway, Eire, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Poland.

German Newsletter by Arthur Rotmil

TWO fine victories over the present and former world champions, England and Brazil, have raised the stock of the national side and ended a period of trial for the country's leading players. Manager Helmut Schön has now settled for a pool of 16 men from which he will select teams to do battle in the World Cup qualifying rounds.

No other German win since that memorable world championship triumph in 1954, was acclaimed with such satisfaction or provided a similar psychological boost, as the 1-0 success over England at Hannover. After 60 years and at the 13th attempt, the Germans at last laid the English bogey, inflicting on Ramsey's men their first defeat abroad in four years and the first by a non-British side since the World Cup. At the final whistle, the 80,000 capacity crowd at the Niedersachsen-stadium rose to salute their heroes more for the result than performance, for it had been a poor game, quite unworthy of world cup finalists.

True, the English missed Bobby Charlton, Wilson, Stiles, Peters and Hunt, while the hosts bemoaned the absence of Schulz, Höttges and Held, but there was still enough talent on view which could and should have provided a better spectacle. The Germans gave a new cap to Ludwig Müller, 26 (FC Nürnberg), whilst Max Lorenz and Bernd Dörfel celebrated a comeback in this team: Wolter; Vogts, Müller, Fichtel, Lorenz; Beckenbauer, Weber; Dörfel, Löhr, Overath, Volkert.

There were few highlights in a game dominated by strong defences but with a little more steadiness the German strikers had several opportunities to make certain long before the end. As it was, the volatile crowd already incensed by some clumsy English tackling, had to wait till nine minutes from time when Beckenbauer flew into the England goal-area and shot on the turn. The ball spun off Labone into the bottom right hand corner, while Banks dived in the opposite direction.

Dutch referee Van Ravens had his hands full, blowing an almost continuous solo, during a series of excessive physical charges mostly by the visitors. At the close, the locals were treated to the now familiar chorus from the English journalists condemning the German play-acting, rather than their own players' fouling.

Retired

Shortly before the game, the German captain 31-year-old Uwe Seeler announced his retirement from the national side. Following a long talk with Schön, he explained his decision giving health and business reasons. (Seeler owns a petrol station and represents a leading sports equipment firm.) His club, Hamburger SV, promptly gave him a two-month holiday. The most famous German forward of the last decade, Seeler made his international début at the age of 18, against France at Hannover in 1954. He took part in the World Cups of 1958, 1962 and 1966, played for the Rest of the World five years ago at Wembley and a year later for a Europe XI, scoring twice in the 7-2 win over Yugoslavia. Capped 59 times, he scored a record 37 goals for his country, Schön admitted his intention of giving Uwe his 60th call-up at Hannover, but now the talk is of Seeler being honoured in a special farewell international, possibly in his native city of Hamburg.

Available

For the game with Brazil, Schön had no idea till virtually the last minute, as to which players would be available. Perhaps for the first time a German side lacked preparation before an international. With Löhr injured and Volkert not considered because he had been sent off in Nürnberg's friendly with FK Austria in Vienna, the Dortmund men Held and Neuberger were flown from America where they toured with Borussia. Lorenz and Höttges had to journey from the shores of the Black Sea where Bremen played, but the most astonishing call-up concerned Beckenbauer who was in Lima, Peru, with Bayern and was asked to travel 7,000 miles at a cost of over £1,200 to the DFB. Such was Schön's determination to field what he called his "Wunsch-elf" (Desired eleven). The Neckar-stadion in Stuttgart was again sold out and 75,000 fans saw this German XI in action: Wolter; Vogts, Müller, Fichtel, Lorenz (Höttges); Beckenbauer, Weber; Dörfel, Held, Overath, Neuberger.

This was West Germany's finest display since the World Cup. The team clicked from the start and the 2-1 score-line did not reflect their superiority. Defence-splitting passes, speed of execution plus all-round mobility and technique were the hall marks of a great side in which Beckenbauer and Overath were outstanding and the team-work surprised even the most hardened critics. The young Brazilian side — minus Pelé, who preferred to play for Santos (and more money) — showed the usual skill and artistry but looked slow and cumbersome by comparison with this remarkable German outfit. In the eighth minute a visiting defender chested the ball away but only to Held who promptly slammed it into the net. On the half hour, Beckenbauer's header hit a post, then a Brazilian saved a certain goal with his hand but the referee was unsighted while several fulminating shots missed the target only by inches.

● *Continued on page 31*

Swiss Newsletter by Arthur Rotmil

FOR the first time in the history of the Swiss National League, three teams finished level on points at the top and since goal-difference (not average) does not count, Zürich, Grasshoppers and Lugano had to fight against each other on neutral grounds to determine the champions.

Zürich were caught three rounds from the end, when they crashed 1-4 at Lausanne. It was their first defeat in 17 matches, after eight months, but in a great game FCZ enjoyed a brilliant start, taking the lead, then missed chances and eventually fell apart allowing the hosts to take command. Meantime Grasshoppers fought hard before overcoming Lucerne 2-1 at home, while Lugano scored a fine 2-0 away win at Biel. Thus the top trio were level, divided only by goal differences, as they tackled the remaining two rounds.

Zürich made no mistake against Chaux-de-Fonds winning 3-1 at home, with two goals inevitably from Künzli, but Lugano were at full stretch in the Ticino derby versus Bellinzona, who resisted until a quarter of an hour from time when Luttrop got his second goal and Brenna made it 3-1. But the most telling performance of the day was put up by Grasshoppers who triumphed 1-0 at Basle. The hosts lost Kiefer — sent off after only three minutes and then missed a penalty but finally Swedish star Ove Grahn fired home the winner, eight minutes from the end. The stage was now set for a dramatic finish with the leaders successful, yet again! The odds were on GC who played at home and as expected dismissed the wooden-spoonist Grenchen 2-0. But Zürich also delighted their followers with a 2-0 victory at Biel, whilst Lugano went one better, overcoming Young Boys by 3-0 at Berne.

The play-offs began on June 12 with Zürich 2-0 winners over GC at Berne, but a week later GC defeated Lugano 2-1 making the last encounter FCZ-Lugano quite meaningless, for in the event of Zürich's defeat, all three would have been level on points but then the goal-difference from the full league fixtures was the deciding factor. And so, Zürich are the new champions and unquestionably the team of the season.

They proved their worth in that famous Fairs' Cup run and underlined their strength with a remarkable 5-4 victory over the renowned Brazilian side Santos — including Pelé. Despite rain, a crowd of 16,000 enjoyed a soccer-fiesta "par excellence". The Brazilians scored first through Toninho but in the second half the Swiss forwards ran riot hitting five goals in the space of 19 minutes. (Kuhn, Winiger 2, Meyer and Künzli.) In between, the visitors replied through Douglas and in the last ten minutes Toninho and Pelé made the score-line look more respectable.

FCZ's latest acquisition, international left-winger René-Pierre Quentin, from FC Sion, made his bow before the home crowd and there was a 20-minute interval during which each Santos player was massaged! The visitors received over £10,000 while the great Pelé didn't wait to have his jersey torn from his body at the end. He took it off promptly, with the final whistle and hurled it like fodder at the feet of the onrushing mob.

NATIONAL LEAGUE—FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Zürich	26	16	6	4	63	27	38
Grasshoppers	26	17	4	5	54	23	38
Lugano	26	17	4	5	53	30	38
Lausanne	26	13	6	7	67	43	32
Basle	26	13	5	8	49	33	31
Lucerne	26	12	4	10	51	58	28
Biel	26	10	5	11	43	45	25
Young Boys	26	9	7	10	37	43	25
Sion	26	7	10	9	31	41	24
Chaux-de-Fonds	26	8	6	12	40	49	22
Servette	26	8	5	13	40	42	21
Bellinzona	26	8	5	13	26	40	21
Young Fellows	26	3	6	17	21	58	12
Grenchen	26	3	3	20	19	62	9

SCOTTISH NEWS

by JOHN STONE

What a start!

JOCK STEIN

THE Scottish League, quite undeliberately I hasten to add, have wrecked more than a few Glaswegian summer holidays this summer . . . with their draw for the League Cup sections.

Out of the hat came the game to end all games, the perfect top-bill attraction to begin any Scottish season. Rangers versus Celtic at Ibrox Park.

Everybody who is anybody will want to be at Ibrox Park on August 10 to see if Rangers, so sensationally pipped by Celtic for the League Championship last season after looking certain winners, can give their arch rivals an early taste of defeat.

Understandably, the Rangers Board of Directors have decided to make it strictly an all-ticket affair. As I write, no ceiling has been fixed, but after consultation with the Glasgow Police, something like 85,000 people will be admitted to the great Govan ground.

And that is where many summer holidays will go for a burton, for the ticket touts are sure to swarm the city in a greedy attempt to snap up as many tickets as they can lay their sticky fingers on.

This fixture dwarfs every other match in the opening day list of matches. Doubtless, tickets will be harder to come by than winning lines on the treble chance.

It is an intriguing pairing in other ways, too. The onus is firmly in Rangers' half of the pitch. Yet again they finished last season as very much second-best to Celtic.

Victory over Jock Stein's supermen in the very first match of a new campaign could be just the tonic the Rangers need to spark off a much-needed revival.

Even in the close-season, the Ibrox men have commanded almost as much attention as Celtic in the national press, with stories appearing at regular intervals about the need to strengthen a playing staff which seems to lack an "old head" type of player like that bargain buy from Airdrie of yesteryear, Ian McMillan.

Manager David White, approaching his first full season as boss at Ibrox, said before leaving on holiday that there would be no signings made till he returned, and then much would depend on what players were available.

For a club of Rangers' reputation, and in their current position as only second-best to Celtic, I humbly suggest that it should make no difference at all what players are available.

Sir Matt Busby, that famous son of Scotland so recently knighted, discovered last season that not even a cheque for £200,000 would tempt West Ham to release their World Cup hat-trick hero, Geoff Hurst.

That must be the exception of all exceptions. Hurst is one of those rare players, like George Best and Bobby Charlton, who just do not have a price.

BUT NINETY-NINE PER CENT OF FOOTBALLERS DO.

And Rangers can afford them, both transfer-fee-wise and wages-wise.

If you cannot grow best, then the solution is simple, even if it may be financially painful . . . go out and buy the best!

Celtic's appearance in the European Cup again this season is being welcomed everywhere I have travelled on the Continent this summer.

In Germany, Italy, Hungary, Yugoslavia . . . everyone, on hearing my Scottish accent, was asking the same thing.

"Are Celtic still as good as when they won that memorable match against Inter-Milan in Lisbon?"

In my mind, they are. More important, manager Jock Stein insists that they are. Celtic's attacking football in that final has made them everyone's pin-up team.

Yet one gets the impression that this is a far older, wiser and more sensible side now than ever before. It is hardly surprising to find that Glasgow bookmakers are already being inundated with bets on Celtic to win the competition . . . and understandable that those gentlemen laying the odds have tentatively made the Parkhead paratroopers favourites.

Wonder what Manchester thinks about that!

Standing, left to right: D. White (manager), L. Smith (physiotherapist), Bobby Watson, Ron McKinnon, Orjan Persson, Eric Sorensen, Norrie Martin, Dave Provan, Dave Smith, Billie Mathieson, J. Craven (asst. trainer), D. Kinnear (trainer). Front row: Willie Henderson, Alex Willoughby, Willie Jardin, Alex Smith, Alex Ferguson, John Greig (captain), Andy Penman, Billy Semple, Kaj Johansen, Willie Johnston. (Sportapics)

THE best soccer in South America is played on the banks of the River Plate. Statistics confirm it. Argentina (12) and Uruguay (11) have won 23 of the 29 South American Championships between national selections played up to now. That these countries haven't met with more success in World Cup tournaments lately is a matter of temperament and organisation. In the Continental Club Championship (Copa "Libertadores"), started in 1960, the dominance of teams from the Argentine (Independiente twice, Racing once) and Uruguay (Peñarol three wins) was only broken in 1962 and 1963 by that magnificent Santos team from Brazil.

Today Argentine soccer, with a government interventor in charge of the FA (although Valentin Suarez is a football administrator and former President of First Division club Banfield) is better organised than ever with a long dreamed of national championship—which is de-centralising the big league game from Buenos Aires—in its early stages, although most teams outside the capital are still below par.

There are some great players to build some great teams, but very few clubs have the patience to rely on team-building and are always trying to buy success. Over 150 transfers and loans of players between 22 First Division clubs before the current season started speaks for itself. Worse still, the successful clubs are now relying too much on spoiling tactics and the "system" is being copied. Too many big games are too much like the Racing-Celtic battles or the more recent Racing-Estudiantes semi-final matches of the South American Club Championship.

After every few seconds of football some opponent was kicked intentionally or some argument started, causing hold-ups, pushing around and police intervention. Both teams are well known for their "gamesmanship" — holding up play whenever

BEST SOCCER PLAYED ON

possible, provoking and injuring opponents. By making a game "dirty", they expect either to get away with a draw when it suits them, or take the lead from a swift attack. The pity is that these teams, and many others in the Argentine, needn't resort to these tactics at all, because they play well enough to be able to win on their merits. If referees weren't so lenient and didn't have the paying spectator so much in mind, many of these games would not finish due to teams not having enough players left on the field to carry on.

Last year Estudiantes de La Plata broke the dominance of the big five clubs (River Plate, Boca Juniors, San Lorenzo, Racing, Independiente), which was getting monotonous, by winning the Metropolitan title and finishing runners-up in the national championship to qualify for the South American Cup which they have now won. Under coach, Osvaldo Zubeldia, who was in charge of Argentina's last World Cup team until a month before they left for London, Estudiantes main tactics are, unfortunately, the aforementioned "gamesmanship". The current first team already played together to win the third XI's tournament in 1965—a lesson which local football administrators just will not learn. The players are young (all but three of the recognised first XI are 23 or under), fast and on the light side. Possibly their "Achilles heel" is that their "motors", halves Bilardo and Echecopar, lose weight easily and find it hard to recuperate during a heavy match programme. Recent injuries and suspensions of players forced Zubeldia to make numerous changes, but the team always seemed to function the same.

In a league match, sandwiched between two South American Cup games, they fielded their entire third XI, but nevertheless tied 1-1 with "big" club, Boca Juniors. They often rely on a one-goal lead and strong defensive play and do not often play attractive soccer. In the 1950s Estudiantes was coached by Scotland's Neil McBain for a time and his style has somehow remained.

We know all about last year's "world champions", Racing Club who have got over their lean spell, but are still not back to 1966 form. The main improvement has been in attack with the purchase of Salomone (Atlanta) but veteran Humberto Maschio is still the organiser.

Last season's national champions and top scorers, Independiente, lost the goal-scoring touch with the departure of Brazilian coach, Brandao, at the end of the season, but another Brazilian coach, Elba de Padua, has brought out the best in the young San Lorenzo team, the present top scorers and comfortable leaders who play with virtually a six-man attack which is lucky to have a player with the fighting ability, driving force and knowledge of soccer such as Albrecht behind them.

Most of the clubs spend more on soccer than it brings in, but the difference is made up by subscriptions from 40 to 60,000 members as these are all-sports clubs. Players' wages are lower than in England, but numerous bonuses and perks put leading players into the millionaire class.

The national team has started weekly training sessions under national team coach, Renato Cesarini, but players of clubs involved in the South American Cup have not been taking part, which makes it difficult for Cesarini to start his task of building a team in all senses, rather than getting the best players together. A programme of games against foreign opposition has been arranged and the task of eliminating Peru and Bolivia, in the same qualifying group as Argentina, is not being taken lightly, but to all intents and purposes, serious preparation has not yet begun.

When the final line-up takes the field, it may include many of Argentina's stars of the moment such as Alfredo Rojas (Boca Juniors), the top ball controller who comes from a poor background and has never lost his flair for street football; Pachame (Estudiantes), a very fast half, always all over the place; Perfumo (Racing), defender with speedy recovery, quick reflexes, better than World Cup hero Marzolini; Bernao (Independiente), a fast winger not always in the game, but can inspire his team with electrifying runs; Basile (Racing half) whose physique inspires his team with confidence, inclined to be rough but can play good soccer; Carone (Velez Sarsfield wing), not a great player, but always in right spot to score; Albrecht (San Lorenzo half) already mentioned; Willington (Velez Sarsfield), a forward with inborn ball control; Ermindo Onega (River Plate), a forward who creates chances without playing the

SOUTH AMERICAN SURVEY

Part II

Argentina and Uruguay

VITAL GOALS

Cardenas, the Racing Club forward (striped shirt, top left) who scored vital goals against Celtic, seldom finds the net in league matches these days.

RIVER PLATE

BEATLE-HAIRCUT

River Plate goalkeeper Hugo Gatti (left), no discipline, a show-off, Beatle-haircut, but safe hands and one of Argentina's best. He was recently suspended for lack of discipline, fined and replaced by veteran Amadee Carrizo in the River Plate goal.

By
ERIC
WEIL

BROTHERS

Brothers Ermindo (left) and Daniel Onega, River Plate forwards. Both can find a place in Argentina's attack.

ball much; Rulli (Racing half), the hardest worker; Rattin (Boca Juniors half), makes his presence and personality felt; Billardo (Estudiantes half), a director inside the field, something every coach longs for and Malbernat (Estudiantes back), best marker of wings, always tries to play the ball and take it up to start an advance.

Argentina's big hope is to stage the World Cup. It is said that Buenos Aires is the city with most big stadiums of near 100,000 capacity in the world, which would make it unnecessary to build any. Stadiums such as those of all-sports clubs such as River Plate, Huracan, Racing and Independiente and Boca Juniors—which is building a new luxurious one to beat the lot at their "Sports City" going up on a group of inter-linked artificial islands off the banks of the River Plate. The population, which stems from many countries, is soccer-mad and will fill these stadia for big matches almost every day.

What must be in FIFA's mind, however, is that hardly a big game goes by, especially if the opposition is foreign, without players or match officials being injured by missiles (stones, bottles) from the crowd.

That little Uruguay, with a population of barely two-and-a-half million and only two club teams of international standing (Peñarol and Nacional), who have dominated the championship since its inception in 1900, has managed to win the World Cup twice, finished fourth and reached the last eight (in London) in six tries is, of course, in the nature of a miracle . . . a miracle for which there seems to be no real basis.

Yet Uruguay is already looking ahead to the next World Cup with real optimism in spite of several adverse results during its national team's current tour which is being made mainly to give their young players international experience.

Uruguayan soccer officials feel that their problem, as far as the World Cup is concerned, will be to pick the right players from an abundance of emerging stars pressing their claims for selection. As many of these players were away on tour and the local championship in one of its frequent recesses, they were not currently on show, but I have seen the veterans play and if the youngsters can oust them, even 37-year-old Peñarol forward Abadie (who missed the tour due to injury), then Uruguay really has the material for another serious World Cup challenge at Mexico.

But more about Uruguay next month.

Extraordinary Jubilee

WORLD DIARY by ROGER MACDONALD

THE most extraordinary jubilee match took place recently between Slavia and Sparta Prague, a special celebration of the 75th anniversary of their foundation. They played six matches one after each other of 15 minutes duration, between the juniors, the under-15 teams, the under-19 teams, the women, the veterans and finally the first teams. All the games were decided on penalties, each team taking three. One of the great attractions was the appearance of Panicka, former captain of the national side, for whom he kept goal 74 times; and Bican, their most prolific goalscorer, who used to practise by knocking beer bottles off a cross bar from 20 yards. The result? By judicious management, Slavia 15, Sparta 15 . . .

Trouble for Dynamo Kiev, once again champions of the USSR, and well on the way to winning the Cup as well. Their officials have been accused in the Moscow journal *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of breaking the Federation's regulations by offering illegal inducements to players. The article mentions several cases where luxury (by Russian standards) apartments have been offered in return for transfers and contracts. At least five cars, too, have apparently been bought for international players. Accusations of indiscipline among players, accused of being "primadonnas" and ignoring the club's code of conduct follow on the demotion of Josif Sabo from his title of "Merited Master of Sport". In another article Yuri Vanyat, a sports writer for *Trud*, a newspaper run by a group of trade unions, asked the Central Council of Sports Societies to remove his title. Sabo, said Vanyat, had a long series of violations — from deliberately breaking an opponent's leg to pretending injury to get an opponent falsely sent off.

Vanyat did not say so specifically, but it seemed he was referring to Sabo's "unpardonable" conduct against Celtic in the first round of the European Cup Murdock took the ball from him in a sliding tackle, Sabo collapsed in apparent agony, and the referee awarded Kiev a free-kick. Murdock indignantly protested and was sent off for complaining.

Sabo has already been deprived of his place in the national team: he was accused by his colleagues of conduct unworthy of a Soviet Sportsman earlier this year.

Campaign

THIS season substitutes are added to seeding in the European Cup. Two players, one of whom must be the goalkeeper, can be replaced at any time in any match in the event of injury. The draw itself has once again been unkind to Celtic, who last year fell in the first round to Dynamo Kiev. Now they must meet Ferencvaros, who deposed Liverpool home and away on their way to the Fairs Cup final. But at least Ferencvaros, overwhelmingly successful in Hungary last season, have lost their edge during the present campaign. Celtic, with Brogan and Gallagher improving on even their great 1967 side, have the skill and resilience to come through.

In contrast Manchester United should have no difficulty in beating Waterford, the game but decidedly limited Eire champions. At first sight Manchester City, too, should eliminate Fenerbahce of Turkey. But they must take warning from the Turkish club's experience of Cup football — they are holders of the protracted Balkan Cup — and their formidable defensive record. Last season they lost only two of 32 matches and conceded only 12 goals — remarkable figures even in the defence-conscious Turkish League.

There are two more unfortunate pairings, in spite of all the seedings. Levski, who have just won the Bulgarian title—thanks again to the brilliance of Asparoukhov — meet AC Milan, Hamrin, Prati, Rivera and all; this should be a superb encounter, with Milan hard-pressed to survive. Similarly Nuremberg meet Ajax of Amsterdam, who now have Vasovic to strengthen their defence; hard to pick a winner here.

In the Cup-Winners Cup West Bromwich and Dunfermline have been easy fixtures, but Cardiff City may find Oporto of Portugal too big a hurdle. But with Cardiff, conquerors of Torpedo last time, one never knows.

Full draw (to be completed in its first leg by September 18): **Ferencvaros v. Celtic; Manchester United v. Waterford;** Lokomotiv Sofia v. AC Milan; Carl Zeiss Jena v. Red Star, Belgrade; Nurnberg v. Ajax; AEK v. Jeunesse d'Esch; Rosenborg Trondheim v. Rapid Vienna; Zurich v. Dynamo Kiev; Spartak Trnava v. Malmo; Floriana v. Lahden Reipas; Steaua v. Akademisk, Copenhagen; St. Etienne v. Ruch Chorzow; **Manchester City v. Fenerbahce;** Valur Reykjavik v. Benfica; **Anderlecht v. Glentoran;** Real Madrid v. AU Limassol.

In the Cup-Winners' Cup the draw came out thus: Bordeaux v. Spartak Sofia; Partizan Tirana v. Torino; Vasas Gyor v. Lyn Oslo; **Crusaders v. Norrkoping;** Altay Izmir v. Gornik Zabrze; **Dunfermline v. A. Nicosia; Shamrock Rovers v. Freja Randers;** Graz AK v. ADO The Hague; Sliema Wanderers v. Rumelingen; Lugano v. Barcelona; **Bruges v. West Bromwich Albion;** Dynamo Bucharest v. Cologne; Moscow Dynamo v. Greek Cup Winners; Union Berlin v. Bor, Yugoslavia; **Cardiff City v. Porto;** Slovan Bratislava v. KR Reykjavik.

Turbulent

While African football approaches a new climax, with three countries sending teams to the Olympic Games, journalists in Europe and Africa have combined to choose an ideal team to represent the continent. Their selection is based on performances in the African club cup and the African nations cup which were so successful, if turbulent, last season.

Not surprisingly, Congo Kinshasha, who won both competitions, are awarded the most places in the all-Africa side. Their tall, thin goalkeeper Kassadi, who has remarkable reflexes, was especially praised by Colonna, former French international goalkeeper, who attended the Africa Cup finals at Addis Abbaba. So too was Mange, a fast, vigorous full-back, who has been in the Kinshasha team for two years. He is remarkably good at interceptions, and is keen to advance with his forwards, like the Italian full-back, Facchetti. Another Kinshasha footballer, Moukombo, a clever positional player, also wins a place in defence; and Mokilu, their 22-year-old winger, is chosen at outside-right. Mokilu, tiny, but very fast, was brought into the Africa Cup team at the last minute — which in itself was astonishing, for he has brilliant ball control ... in fact, he is Africa's Garrincha.

The selection is arranged in a 4-2-4 formation, with Lalmas of Algeria and Luciano of Ethiopia filling the midfield roles. The Algerian coach, Lucien Leduc, regards Lalmas as quite indispensable: he has remarkable technique and range of vision, and with his short, powerful legs, he seems able to overcome any amount of hard tackling. Luciano is equally proficient at passing and seems fit enough to run around for a whole game without slackening his pace. His shooting is excellent, especially on the volley, which has often been a weakness with African players.

The attack seems particularly strong, with Pokou of the Ivory Coast and Mangistu of Ethiopia combining in the centre. Pokou, top goalscorer in the Africa Cup, is only 20 but a great hope for the future. Santos gave him a trial in Brazil, but he was homesick, so they let him go back to Africa. Light but strong, Pokou likes to play in short bursts then coast along. Curiously, he is a descendant of the famous King Pokou of the Baoule tribe. As for Mangistu, he is superb in the counter-attack, and has exceptional ball control; but one should remember he missed two vital chances in the Africa Cup semi-final against Kinshasha.

Both wingers are small, Mokili's colleague on the left being Diuk of Senegal. Diuk is a prodigious dribbler, dwarfed by his national team-mates, all of whom are at least 4 in. taller — which certainly produced some amusing team photographs! But Diuk should not be underestimated: his absence against Ghana through injury certainly cost Senegal the match.

Ghana, a little surprisingly, have only one player in the ideal XI — Odoi at centre-half, tall, tough, quite indefatigable, in fact the sole Ghanaian defender to emerge with credit in the African Cup finals. But then the choice of players is open to some criticism. It is difficult to see, for instance, why Konan of the Ivory Coast won a place in defence — for he played well above himself in the Africa Cup and has been rather disappointing since. Another notable absentee is Ghana's centre-forward, M'Fum, who many think the best in Africa: he has a retreating style and brilliant technique. He has stamina, too: in Ethiopia he ran around in a temperature over 30 degrees while most of the players looked exhausted.

The ideal team, of course, remains conjecture. But FIFA is considering a special competition, to be held after the next World Cup, in which teams representing Asia, South America, Africa and Europe meet on a friendly basis. The problems of organisation are formidable, but the rewards would be enormous. So perhaps we may see this all-Africa team meeting and beating another continent.

Player Portrait

FIVE YEARS AFTER

GIANNI RIVERA

By JIM HAWTHORNE

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, May 22, 1963, the Wembley turf was dominated by the lean, slender frame of Gianni Rivera as he generalled his team, AC Milan, to the championship of Europe with a 2-1 win over Benfica.

This 19-year-old of remarkable skill and maturity had arrived at a peak in his career. With four years league experience already behind him—he had made his debut in the Italian 1st Division at the tender age of 15 — five international caps and a European Cup-winners' medal now in his possession, his future was assured indeed the football horizons seemed limitless for this likeable young man.

Life for Gianni since that great day in London, however, has been far from easy and only now has he really begun to continue the fulfilment of all his early promise and play with the same flair, imagination and authority that he displayed as a teenager. I say the same because Rivera has always been a very good player, he has far too much talent to be anything else, but the outstanding Milan team of 1961-63 was so dominated by him with all his precocious genius that his performances in the meantime have paled in comparison.

Thankfully for the game of football his vast talents have not remained dormant. He has managed to overcome the various difficulties that life in "calcio" have posed during the last few years and has arrived back firmly at the top, a little older and wiser, once again having guided his team to the Italian championship and success in Europe; as elegant and graceful as always and more irresistible than ever.

Surmounting problems arising out of his career is nothing new to Rivera, however, for they began the moment he left his hometown team to join the famous "red and blacks" back in 1960.

When Milan handed over the £65,000 to Alessandria to pay for the second half of the option they already held on Rivera, his transfer was completed and almost at once the press bestowed on him the now famous tag of the "golden boy" of Italian football.

FRAIL FIGURE

The whole set up was tailor-made for the newspapers. The full glare of the Italian, and indeed the world, press was focused on his frail figure. Just imagine it. He was a 16-year-old Italian with a huge transfer fee already on his shoulders and playing in a position which was filled in all the top teams, Milan included, by a big name "star" from abroad.

Rivera, was regarded as the new Schiaffino, destined maybe to be even better than the Uruguayan who was one of the finest and most creative inside-forwards ever to wear the Milan colours. He was also looked upon as the very person to revive Italy's flagging fortunes in international competition, their greatest home-bred product since the war and the press did not let him forget it. Always it was Rivera!, Rivera!, Rivera! He didn't get a moment's rest.

Unless you have actually been to Italy and experienced all the hue and cry of "calcio", it is difficult to conceive exactly what it was like for him. Suffice it to say that the players are like film stars and Rivera came in for the full treatment.

Fortunately Gianni's talent and temperament—being by nature a shy, modest and very serious person—were equal to the occasion and when Jimmy Greaves returned to England he came into the Milan team as a regular to provide the skill, inspiration and guidance needed to lead them to the championships of Italy and Europe.

A comparative lean spell for Milan, in the years following their Wembley win affected Rivera's confidence. Confidence was all important to Gianni, he thrived on it. A deep-thinking player, he became very concerned when his game was not going as he wanted it to. This only served to make him more dejected to the extent that his game became worse.

I recall very clearly an incident that happened in May, 1965 as I was travelling back along the motorway from Bologna to Milan. Earlier in the afternoon I had watched Milan, in a bad spell and fighting hard to stay top of the league, beat Bologna 2-0. It was a good win for the "rossoneri" but in spite of this Rivera had had a very bad game. Playing in the unfamiliar right wing position, he could do little right. His ball control and passing were way off and the more he did wrong the more his shoulders visibly drooped in despair.

The journey back to Milan was about half completed when the coach in which I was travelling overtook the Milan club coach containing all the players. The supporters in my coach rushed to the windows to cheer their heroes and as we moved alongside I noticed that while the other players acknowledged the cheers, Rivera just sat by the window looking very sullen-faced and staring straight ahead, seemingly miles away. He then glanced up and permitted himself a brief smile and a wave of the hand before we finally drove past.

ILLUSTRATED

Poor Gianni, he had looked so unhappy! To his mind not only had he let himself and the team down, he had also let the supporters down. But this was his nature and it illustrated how seriously he thought about the game.

Gianni desperately needed inspiration especially as the 1965-66 season was another mediocre one for him culminating in his—and Italy's—dismal showing in the World Cup finals in England. What a pity for the people living in the North East of the country. Here was a player who, when playing well, was a sheer delight to watch capable of producing football of the very highest quality but on this occasion playing sluggish pedestrian stuff without heart or conviction. It was a low ebb in his career.

On the departure of Cesare Maldini to Torino at the beginning of the 1966-67 season, Rivera was made captain of Milan. This was just what he needed. Reacting splendidly to his new-found responsibility, he played superbly with a fresh confidence and determination throughout a season that was one of the least successful his club has known.

Rivera has often been described in the past as being half the Milan team. During this season he was the whole team! Goalmaker, goal-taker and ever present. Drawing on all his skill and experience, he steered his dispirited team to a comfortable pos-

● *Continued on page 34*

Gianni Rivera participates in a spot of shopping during a trip to London.

ENGLISH REVIEW

LESLIE PAGE

YES, SIR MATT

SIR MATTHEW BUSBY sounds very grand. And how much he deserves it. That's what the vast millions connected with football round the globe said when the Manchester United manager was knighted in the Birthday Honours. This is the kind of honour which the public understands and whilst this is no place to criticise a system which has served the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth for so very long, the recognition of Matt Busby's services to sport in general and soccer in particular, is especially a sentimental occasion for many.

Football thought itself an established part of life when Sir Stanley Rous, Sir Stanley Matthews and Sir Alfred Ramsey were elevated. Some of us will never be more pleased than knowing Matt Busby has joined the ranks of the esteemed, although we might have said it was a crying shame if his great work and personality were not singled out.

The fifty-eight-year-old, former miner, who played for Manchester City before the war is, today, a father figure in Manchester, revered wherever football is played. When he arrived back home after his service days were over, he was asked if he would be interested in managing Manchester United. The Old Trafford ground was shattered by bombs and when Busby first looked about him rubble abounded and the prospects appeared grim.

ACCOLADE

But such a state of affairs did not appear to bother the calm Scot who set about his job with coolness and deliberation. In his term of office Manchester United have been League Champions on five occasions, runners-up six times, FA Cup winners twice, losing finalist twice and at long last at the end of May, the first English League side to win the European Champions' Cup. This one, final accolade had eluded Manchester United for a very long time and the team, the City of Manchester and, indeed, all British football were behind Matt Busby and his men when they did battle with Benfica.

After Celtic became the first *British* club to claim the much coveted trophy, Manchester United just had to be the English League representatives. And so it came to pass on the most thrilling and emotional evening the game has known in the United Kingdom since England's World Cup triumph in July, 1966.

After the tragedy which struck United at Munich Airport, Busby re-created a team in the mould he most desired. Fluid, driving, roving and with burning ambition. Every man-jack wanted that European Cup not so much for himself but for Busby. The new knight would never claim he alone was responsible for the achievement. But his personality is etched in letters of fire on every side which takes the field in United colours.

FRUSTRATION

For Bobby Charlton, too, who knew that awful night in Germany, there was a sense of relief that after all the effort and skill, finally, the club had reached the peak of their desires and surely shown the way for others. Thinking back to the time when Chelsea were not allowed to enter the competition in our insular days, the years have been filled with frustration. Sometimes it seemed, the task was too much for British clubs. Celtic proved it was not and with Manchester United on the brink in the semi-final on so many occasions, justice has been done and an era in the game ended.

It is from this point onwards that our football takes on a new meaning just as it did when England succeeded in the World Cup. The mile marker is plain for us all to see and whatever happens now our days of glory will never be forgotten. United may be unable to reach the pinnacle again, but they start on the trail against Estudiantes for the World Club championship. This says nothing for their defence of the European title with games even tougher than previously for there is nothing quite like knocking a giant from his throne.

The Football League Annual General Meeting was even less exciting than ever before. Much as expected, Port Vale dismissed from the League because of alleged irregularities, were voted back to Division Four with little ado and also the other four clubs seeking re-election. So the Football League remains as it was last term with hardly a mention of change.

Just one ruling was of general interest in matters of administration. Clubs must now announce their teams half an hour before the kick-off and failure to do so could result in a fine of £100. This amendment was made necessary by a number of clubs refusing to disclose the names of players even to the press, which says little for the public who support the game. A stupidity has been stamped out, we hope, and the pity is that managers should have ever thought it was either an intelligent ploy or a tactical plan likely to disturb the opposition for long. It merely made communication more difficult than it can be already at times for many other reasons which are more complex to overcome.

The League AGM paid little attention to the report of the committee on football, issued by the Department of Education and Science appointed in June, 1966. A number of the points and issues which the committee report upon have been covered previously, but, I suggest, not in such detail nor with the candour of this publication. For me it summarises the entire arena of football and provides a definitive work to which we can refer for a considerable period whether we agree with the views expressed or the suggestions made. I, personally, regret that at the end of an exciting season when a number of playing issues still remained to be solved, the report received so little attention.

SUGGESTION

The recommendation on the structure of the Football League was not mentioned at the AGM, perhaps, because there had been little enough time to digest the report and also because the suggestion was not entirely new. The report ventured the opinion that the League should be increased in size by the addition of 6-10 of the better professional non-league clubs and whilst this might have excited those who put their names forward more in an adventurous spirit than one of true hope at the AGM, no move nor discussion resulted. The splendid rise of Oxford United is the example to flaunt in the faces of those who continually talk about economics.

To open the League as suggested to five divisions with three on a national and the two lower ones on a regional basis is, to many of us, plain common sense. I don't suppose all the clubs which entered as new members would succeed. On the other hand, they would not all fail. A chance must be given to those outside the League to have a really big prize to fight for. Membership of the Football League has no need of perpetuation simply because the votes of the seniors override all else. I would like to hear the views of senior club officials on this particular point and to obtain from them their true objections.

The report makes suggestions concerning promotion and relegation which the League has previously considered; also it would like to see Division One confined to 18 clubs. The latter idea, surely, would find supporters when the crowded and confused programmes of the senior and successful clubs is considered. I should have thought that Leeds United, for one, would welcome such a move, especially after their last two seasons when they have come so near to more than one major honour. The other side of the coin shows the story of the inbred protection afforded to those clubs who either fall on bad times financially or fail to make the grade campaign after campaign which, on reflection, just about comes to the same thing.

The findings on shamateurism deserve the widest publicity. No proof still, the report says, but payments in top amateur clubs *are* made over and above generally accepted expenses and a move towards the "semi-professional" performer must be scheduled before long. It would mean, of course, the end of the Amateur Cup. It is suggested a suitably named substitute take its place.

The Football League is asked to consider appointing a Director of Referees to select and train match officials and the Director would select specific referees for particular games. The case for referees right at the top receiving a retainer of around £1,000 a year might well gather support and improve match control very considerably. It would both answer the claim for the dedicated man where personal gain is not the entire motive force and

Manchester United manager Matt Busby gives some advice to his players during the European Cup Final against Benfica.

SOUNDS RIGHT

those capable of handling extremely delicate situations which can burst into flames within minutes of the start.

The idea of a Levy Board similar to that which exists for horse racing is also put forward with a one per cent levy made on the gross proceeds of all pools after the deduction of the Government betting tax. This money to go towards grants for grounds and stadia of all kinds, the improvement of facilities and the possible building of multi-purpose stadia in which a number of sports can be played or performed.

Whether the report is ignored or not, it remains as a document which I consider of more than passing interest. If it contains recommendations which are not, necessarily, new, it means, I think, the basic thoughts on the ways to improve soccer and its presentation do not change. Certainly, the report can be used to explain many things to those who often believe little is ever done to improve the lot of the spectator or the player. What may sound revolutionary now, could well be fact within the next decade.

Managerial changes in the close season were not such that the heartbeat quickened over much. Nevertheless, former England international, Ron Flowers, a one time giant for Wolves, lately transferred to Northampton Town, took over the team management from Tony Marchi, Dave Bowen, still the Wales manager, continued as Northampton's general-manager.

Dick Graham, formerly club chief at Crystal Palace and Orient, took over another hot seat at Layer Road when Neil Franklin left Colchester as the club dropped to Division Four for the third time in ten seasons.

Ron Lewin was appointed team manager at Walsall after a considerable period as trainer-coach with Newcastle.

England's failure to run out as European Champions, slotting into third place after their defeat by Yugoslavia, could not be written off just by stating that Sir Alfred Ramsey's men were tired after a long season and injuries reduced their general effectiveness. The final of the Championships was altogether unsatisfactory with Italy going into the final on the toss of a coin and winning the competition after a replay against Yugoslavia.

Any complacency which might have crept into our feelings was rudely shattered and so were some of our susceptibilities after noting the crunching tackles by both England and the opposition in Florence. The good name of the game was badly shaken and even Ramsey admitted his men were not angels. His search for a Mexico squad will continue and so will his unending struggle to discover players able to carry off a strong role as spearheads and also score goals.

GERMAN NEWSLETTER—*continued from page 24*

After 57 minutes Held centred from the left, Overath touched it on and the onrushing Dörfel volleyed a brilliant goal. Almost at once, Tostao reduced the margin with a fine header, but at the end the exultant fans acclaimed the home side with prolonged ovations.

In the final of the DFB Cup, Cologne, as expected, beat VfL Bochum by 4-1 before 61,000 at Ludwigshafen. The "Regionals" were no match for the class of Weber, Löhr, Hornig, but above all Overath and another revelation, Rühl who scored twice while Hornig and Löhr did the rest. Top League scorers: Löhr (Cologne) 27; Brungs (Nürnberg) 25, Ohlhauser, Müller (both Bayern), Laumen, Meyer (both Bor. Mön-Gladbach) 19; Strehl (Nürnberg) and Emmerich (Bor. Dortmund) 18.

BUNDESLIGA—FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Nürnberg	34	19	9	6	71	37	47
Werder Bremen	34	18	8	8	68	51	44
Bor. Mön-Glad.	34	15	12	7	77	45	42
Cologne	34	17	4	13	68	52	38
Bayern Munich	34	16	6	12	68	58	38
Eint. Frankfurt	34	15	8	11	58	51	38
MSV Duisburg	34	13	10	11	69	58	36
VfB Stuttgart	34	14	7	13	65	54	35
Eint. Brunswick	34	15	5	14	37	39	35
Hannover "96"	34	12	10	12	48	52	34
Aleman. Aachen	34	13	8	13	52	66	34
1860 Munich	34	11	11	12	55	39	33
Hamburger SV	34	11	11	12	51	54	33
Borussia Dort.	34	12	7	15	60	59	31
Schalke	34	11	8	15	42	48	30
Kaiserslautern	34	8	12	14	39	67	28
Bor. Neunkirchen	34	7	5	22	33	93	19
Karlsruher	34	6	5	23	32	70	17

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"And Rovers will be angry; they'll think I've approached the player."

"Don't worry about it; it had to come out sooner or later."

I telephoned Beppe at once. *"Ma quel cretino!"* he cried. "That idiot-face! Did you know he was here?"

"I'd heard he was."

"But why didn't you tell me? You're my friend! Does he know *I'm* here?"

"I think so."

"This ruins everything! It'll become an auction! And anyway, Ambrosiana can't afford £100,000! They're in debt! This president has guaranteed their overdraft, otherwise they'd have gone into liquidation; the Federation would have put a commissar in. *Chè cazzo vogliono fare?* Tell Bill! Tell him when you see him he'd be mad to go to Ambrosiana; they haven't the money to pay him! In any case, who wants to go to Milan when they can come to Rome?"

"I believe he thinks so, too."

"*Ecco!* Then you've spoken to him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"That he liked the idea of Rome."

"And you told him he should come to Rome?"

"I can't remember."

"*Porca miseria!* Listen; you won't write anything about me, will you?"

"No."

"You're the first I'll give the story to, I promise."

The evening papers carried the news that Valentini was in London. They also reported that Joe Withington, the Rovers' manager, had said his club was determined to keep Vining. Vining had said he knew nothing about it; if it was true, then, of course, he'd have to think about it seriously.

I took him out to lunch the following day, at a French restaurant in Soho. Its one large room had an air of dim and muted expense; Vining looked about it with bright, interested eyes. He was wearing a tieless blue jersey-shirt, with pointed collars.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Yeah, Brian, I do, it's all right!"

"What'll you eat?"

"You choose, Brian, I don't know."

I gave our order to the sad, middle-aged waiter, whose dress-clothes hung wearily upon him, a melancholy gesture.

"You think I'll do all right out there, Brian?" Vining asked.

"Of course you would," I said, surprised. On a football field he was confidence personified, barely 20 years old, yet capable for the past two years of bursting, swerving and side-stepping past a defence as though it wasn't there.

"What makes you think so, Brian?"

"Well," I said, "I think you're unique; like Jimmy Greaves, or Pelé of Brazil. You can score goals that look impossible until you've scored them."

"Yeah, thanks," he said, and looked gravely unconvinced. "Still, I got to go, haven't I? One or the other of them. You got to think of your future; I might never have another chance like this one again. I mean, you break a leg you're out, aren't you? You're forgotten."

"I know."

The AGENTS

continued from page 21

"Jack's got it worked out; he reckons Rovers will have to let me go."

"They don't *have* to," I said. "I'm afraid that's where the snag is."

"If they see I'm determined, if I say I'm never going to kick another ball for them."

"They can still hang on. You could lose a lot of money."

"Yeah, well I gone into that, you see. I mean, don't tell no one, but if I go to this Trastevere, Beppe's said they'll make up anything I lose, and Jackie knows a bloke that'll give me a job to see me over."

"Well, it's a risk," I said.

"Yeah, but it's a risk I got to take, though, ain't it, Brian?"

"You can give up enjoying football; you know that? You'll get kicked there."

"I got away with it here so far, though, haven't I? Anyway, it's worth it. You know when you go somewhere else there's going to be things you got to put up with, don't you?"

"I still think Milan's the better bet."

He shrugged. "I'll just have to wait and see what turns up. Anyhow, I'm leaving that side of it to Jack at the moment."

"What does Joe Withington say?"

APPROACH

"What, old Joe? He had me in there and he said, 'You seen these agents, haven't you?' And I said, 'Well, they seen Jack.' And he said, 'You can tell Jack to keep his nose out of this, I don't care if he *is* your agent, it's none of his bloody business.' He said, 'As far as I'm concerned, we haven't had no official approach, and if we do get one, I'm turning it down'."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I didn't say nothing, I don't want to fall out with him *now*, do I? If I leave him alone, he might come round, he might change his mind."

"Why do you need an agent at all?"

"I got to have somebody to look after me, haven't I?"

The following Saturday, he scored three brilliant goals at Wolverhampton, and I travelled back with Rovers' party on the train.

"How can I let him go, Brian?" Withington said. The meal was over, and I had sat down opposite him in the empty seat at his table. A few tables away, Vining and half a dozen others were noisily playing brag. "How can I be expected to?" Withington could be melancholy or effervescent, and now he was in one of his tired, depressive moods; his heavy eyelids looked like small, brown, wrinkled egg-shells. "And this Collins, he's a villain. All he wants is to do the club down because I gave him the sack when I went there."

"It's turning down a lot of money, isn't it? You're not a rich club."

"I know we're not, but if we sell him, how are we going to replace him? Anyone we go to for a player will know we're coming, for a start. They'll be waiting for us."

"Have you seen the agents?"

"I've seen them both; little Valentini and the other one, the fox-faced one, as well. I said, 'If you want to make a bid, you send someone over from the club. I don't deal with agents'."

LANDSCAPE

It was thus that Gaudenzio arrived.

I called on him at the Oxford Towers, on the morning he flew into London. Valentini had momentarily gone out and, sitting there, Gaudenzio looked swarthily exotic, wrenched out of that Roman context where I'd always met him, where he was merely part of a surrealist landscape. His round, dark, fleshy face, grey hair brushed neatly back above it, wore, not its usual, satyr's joviality, but a look of vulnerable surprise, barely qualified even by his eternal monocle. At the same time, the monocle, the tieless, dark green jersey, the swaggering cut of his suit, the pointed shoes, gave him his usual touch of the buccaneer. He had been a director of Trastevere when I lived in Rome; now, he was vice-president, a man of infinite viability and impenetrable background.

He greeted me with joyful relief. "Here in London," he complained, in his loud, rough voice, "there's nobody that speaks Italian, no one." He ordered me a drink, toasted me, and asked, "This Vining, do you think we'll get him?"

"You might," I said. "It will be difficult."

"But isn't there someone at the club we can give something to?'

"Not the manager. He's incorruptible."

"In that case, it becomes serious. But you think he's really a great player? You've seen him. He'd do well in Italy? We can give him everything; you know that—a flat, bonuses, everything. And Valentini? You think he's the right man? Do they think well of him here? Yes? Then if they think well of him, why do they insist that *I* come? What about this other man, this Giovannini? Is he good? Perhaps we'd do better with *him*?" He had brought Rome with him, into the hotel lounge. Suddenly the moral climate had changed, and all was Latin light and realism.

"And this Vining has an agent, too. Perhaps we should give something to *him*."

"If you like."

"According to you, what ought we to do?"

"Go and see Joe Withington, the manager, and make your offer."

"You think so, you think so?" he said, and then, the sun emerging from behind a cloud of meditation, *"Il nostro carissimo Brian!* Always a friend of Trastevere!"

The story broke the following Monday morning; Vining was going to Trastevere. Reading it, I had a feeling of betrayal and bewilderment. Gaudenzio had indeed brought Rome to London with him; logic and inevitability had gone to the winds. It was as though one had carefully assembled the ingredients of a Dundee cake, only to draw out of the over a steak and kidney

pie. Someone had lied to me; someone had wavered. I grimly prepared for the inevitable telephone calls.

Collins was the first, but his voice, instead of being exuberant, was more bitterly aggrieved than ever. "You'll never believe this! The most diabolical thing! . . . It wasn't my fault; if it had been up to me, I'd have given you the story before everyone. They did it all without me; I didn't even get consulted! Yes! And I'm his agent! Mind you, I don't think it's Billy, I don't think it's *him* at all, I been on to him; it's *them*, it's Rovers, that Joe Withington. Well, they'll pay for it, I can tell you! Honestly, Brian, I know so much about that club, I could get them thrown out of the Football League! I'm going to tell Withington: if they still try it on, I'll publish everything. You don't think your paper would be interested, Brian?"

"I don't think so, Jack."

Next, there was Maurizio, incredulous and dismayed. "Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Ma no, it isn't possible. I spoke to Collins yesterday, and he promised me . . ."

I met Beppe at Tottenham that Wednesday, before the start of a floodlit match; in the great car park, where the Bentleys and Jaguars nosed their way between the little groups of talking players, where the fat, swarthy men stood with cigars pointing arrogantly from their mouths, like guns from the turrets of a battleship.

"Hai visto? Hai visto?" he cried, "You've seen what I've done?"

"Yes," I said. *"Complimenti."*

"Brian: I wanted to give you the story, but I couldn't find you. I rang you, I rang your home."

"I couldn't have been in."

"We'll go out and celebrate, eh? You and I and Billy. We'll go to the Pigalle, they've got a wonderful show there, you know?" He was up; higher up than I had ever known him; it was a moment when he and his projected image met, so that it became almost real. "Because when you go out with Beppe, you know you have a good time! You laugh, you sing!"

"I know."

I wanted, now, a respite from all of them; from Beppe's loud euphoria, Maurizio's agitation, Collins's high-pitched complaint, Vining's devious immaturity.

Withington, when I saw him again, told me in his tired way, "I couldn't really do much about it, Brian, once I saw the boy was determined to hold out. I mean, he'd got a job lined up, we'd probably be without him for two or three months at least, next season, he'd have that on his mind till the end of this one, and, to tell the truth, I don't know whether we're entitled to stop him making all that money. You're only going to have a discontented player, and I'd rather have an ordinary player that's trying than a star that won't give you anything. We've said we'll let him go at the end of the season; we're not going to sign anything till then."

(To be continued.)

The Agents — Part Two — next month

FINAL CLASH WILL TAKE PLACE LATER THIS YEAR

Fairs Cup Review by ARTHUR ROTMIL

AN unfortunate combination of circumstances has caused the postponement of the Anglo-Hungarian Final in this season's Inter-Cities Fairs Cup competition. The clash between last year's finalists Leeds United and the 1965 winners Ferencvaros, will now take place in August or early September, to decide the fate of the tenth trophy.

The Hungarian champions had to surrender several of their top stars to the national side preparing to meet Russia in the European championship, early in May and could not play their semi-final ties until later that month, while Leeds would not agree to hold the final in June. To reach this decisive stage, Leeds eliminated Spora Luxembourg on a 16-0 aggregate, Partizan Belgrade by 3-2, Hibernian 2-1, Glasgow Rangers 2-0 and Dundee 2-1. Ferencvaros accounted for Argesul by 5-3, Zaragoza 4-2, Liverpool 2-0, Atletico Bilbao 4-2 and Bologna by 5-4.

Curiously enough, Leeds knocked out all three Scottish entrants in successive ties from the third round onwards, their last victim being Dundee. In the first leg at Dens Park, the Scots as expected did most of the attacking but it was Leeds who went ahead through their utility player Madeley after 26 minutes. Wilson levelled the scores ten minutes later to delight the chanting clans but all further efforts were nullified by the visitors' iron rearguard who gave nothing away.

Dundee: Donaldson; R. Wilson, Easton, Stewart, Swan; Murray, Kinninmonth; Campbell, J. McLean, S. Wilson, G. McLean.

Leeds: Harvey; Reaney, Charlton, Hunter, Cooper; Bremner, Lorimer; Greenhoff, Madeley, Giles, Gray.

Att. 30,000. Ref. Schulenburg (West Germany).

The return at Elland Road was a disappointing affair, with the English pressing hard but missing chances particularly through Giles. The comparatively small crowd had to wait till nine minutes from time before a left-wing centre was converted by Scotsman (!) Gray, to nail his compatriots on a 2-1 aggregate. Leeds applied their typical wearing down tactics, but were already beginning to show the strain of a long season, while Dundee fought hard to stem the tide but lacked strikers to swing the tie in their favour.

Leeds: Sprake; Reaney, Madeley, Hunter, Cooper; Bremner, Lorimer; Greenhoff, Jones, Giles, Gray.

Dundee: Donaldson; Selway, Easton, Stewart, Houston; Murray, J. McLean; Campbell, Wilson, G. McLean, Scott.

Att. 24,000. Ref. Shalks (Holland).

Ferencvaros were shocked at home by Bologna for whom Clerici scored in the very first minute and then Perani hit another in the 35th, but staged a remarkable comeback when Branikovics reduced the arrears within two minutes and the same player equalised in the 56th. The crowd went mad with delight as ten minutes from the end, the brilliant Varga lashed in the winner, few could have expected, to give the jubilant hosts a 3-2 victory.

Ferencvaros: Geczi; Novak, Balint, Pancsics, Havasi; Juhasz, (Karaba), Szücs; Szoke, Varga, Branikovics, Katona.

Bologna: Vavassori; Furlanis, Guarneri, Janich, Ardizzon; Bulgarelli, Turra (Fogli); Perani, Clerici, Haller, Pace.

Att. 25,000. Ref. Bucheli (Switzerland).

Bologna needed only a minimum home win to qualify under the away-goals-double rule, but Ferencvaros drew first blood through Varga after 24 minutes. Perani pulled one back for the Italians (42 mins.) and then, in a dramatic second-half, Tentorio hammered in a 58th minute goal to put Bologna in front, but the Hungarians retaliated strongly and Havasi made it 2-2 (69 mins.) to give "Fradi" a 5-4 aggregate win.

Bologna: Vavassori; Furlanis, Guarneri, Janich, Ardizzon; Bulgarelli (Fogli, then Ferrario), Tentorio; Perani, Clerici, Haller, Pace.

Ferencvaros: Geczi; Novak, Pancsics, Horvath, Havasi; Varga, Szücs; Karaba (Katona), Albert, Branikovics, Szoke.

Att. 20,000. Ref. Tschentscher (West Germany).

WORLD SOCCER BACK NUMBERS

JUNE 1965.
NOV. 1966; DEC. 1966.
APRIL 1967; MAY 1967; JUNE 1967; JULY 1967; AUGUST 1967; OCT. 1967; NOV. 1967; DEC. 1967.
JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, 1968.

● Only these issues available

Introducing Fogarty

—TOM MULDOWNEY IN EIRE

INTRODUCING to readers of WORLD SOCCER some of the managers of teams in the League of Ireland. Meet Amby Fogarty, player-manager of Cork Hibernians. A team that always commands a large following. Not only from the County by the Lee, but also in Dublin, where, say the jokers, you'll find most Corkmen, anyway. As I write, Flower Lodge, headquarters of Hibernians, goes on the open property market for sale to the highest bidder. Hibs want to be that bidder and the League of Ireland will no doubt help them in their effort. By the time you read this, this trouble may have passed. Right now it's an anxious period.

Pardon me. I left our guest waiting. It's a thing he does not like. On the playing field, I mean. It was as a tearaway front-runner with Bohemians that he first came to notice. North he went to the Irish League before arriving at Roker Park where he served with distinction in the colours of Sunderland, of course. He came home last season to take charge of Hibernians and, quickly, he dispelled doubts about his future as a player.

As aggressive as ever in search of goals he was an even greater success in the sweeper role. That his charges fell in the trophy race was no fault of his.

In many games he was the one man band. New players are required in the goal-getting department if Fogarty's good work is not to go for nought.

The professional approach so apparent in Fogarty can be seen in Alan Fox. Readers, meet the under-23 Welsh International who transformed Dundalk during his two-year term as player-manager. Under his direction every trophy, except the Cup, found home in Oriel Park. Playing it hard, Fox drove his squad to the top in the League of Ireland. With Fox at the helm Dundalk became the most professional looking outfit in the country.

A commanding pivot, Fox has the ability to mould his colleagues into an impregnable fortress. He did this with Blount, Brennan, Murray and Co., at Oriel, where goals were hard won by visiting forwards.

When Dundalk and Fox parted, Limerick lured him to the Market Fields. It was a mid-season take-over and the settling-in process took time. At season's end he went on safari. Seeking to plug those gaping gaps, looking for the front fire to set alight the goal trail. First signing is Hugh Hamilton, formerly Hartlepools, who recently played non-League football. With Andy McEvoy, Alf Finucane and Tommy Hamilton one of the most experienced forwards in the game, to call on, Fox has the nucleus of a team that should have the Shannonsiders challenging for major honours. Said one Limerick fan to me: "If Fox brings us half of the success he brought Dundalk I'll be more than satisfied."

Like Fox, Vinney Maguire was another mid-season appointment. Taking over from Martin Ferguson at a time when Waterford were neck and neck with Dundalk in the race for the championship, Maguire had the honour of leading the "Blues" to the title and also to victory over Shamrock Rovers in the final of the Top-Four Independent Cup. His worst day was the cup-final when nothing went right. He had a rare off day and the entire team suffered as a result.

On-field Maguire looks a better player when he is driving his men onward in search of goals. Waterford are one of the most attractive teams to watch when they are in full cry. And the dapper wing-half has played no small part in making them the top scorers in the League. Waterford's hard-working secretary, Mick Bolger, told me some time ago that all members of the title-taking team were available for the new season. Good news for Maguire when he leads his champions into Europe.

Liam Tuohy is the most successful player-manager in Eire. His team of talent, Shamrock Rovers, had a success saturated season. And Tuohy deserved the major share of credit. His name is now as synonymous with Rovers as was Paddy Coad's in the 'fifties. Tuohy was a member of Coad's cubs and the lessons he learned then are standing him in good stead during these glorious years.

Because Shamrock Rovers are always on top, people think their manager has little or no work and certainly no worries. How different it all is to that fanciful Utopia. Keeping in front can be a lot harder than getting there. However, Tuohy himself worked hard to get to the top. He stayed there. Except for a short spell with Newcastle United he has spent all his football life at Milltown. It was a successful club-player relationship. Now that he is player-manager the partnership is even more successful.

● *Continued from page 29*

ition in the league and pulled them together sufficiently in the second half of the season to win the Italian Cup for the first time in their history.

With Rivera back in full flight and Nereo Rocco — their coach at Wembley — once again at the helm, Milan were ready to go places. Rocco's contribution to Rivera's rehabilitation was very important for he at last, without too many changes but with some shrewd purchases, used his forceful personality and strict training methods to mould a team capable of giving powerful support to Rivera's extraordinary gifts. The club and their supporters were highly optimistic and Gianni did not let them down.

Right from the start of the season he played magnificently, allying all his skill and subtlety to his new found determination to push his team further and further out in front of all the opposition.

The true "director of the orchestra", he completely controlled and dominated the midfield. Always in position to receive the ball out of defence and transfer it purposefully to the attack. As before, the whole of the Milan play revolved around his slim frame.

Everything was there. The deceptive swerve, the effortless ball control, the beautiful curling passes that can split any defence wide open and the far seeing brain that can sum up a situation and have a move worked out to counter it well in advance of it happening.

Moreover, towards the end of the season when the strikers were beginning to find it difficult to get through because of the tight marking, Rivera moved forward and showed once again that, given the opportunity, he has a great capacity for scoring goals as well as creating them. Like the excellent glancing header from Prati's cross to break the deadlock against Sampdoria in Genova; and the following week at San Siro against Lanerossi Vicenza when he celebrated his 255th appearance in *Serie A* by hammering the ball into the net from the edge of the penalty area after beating four men in a devastating solo dribble; and the left foot shot from an acute angle in the last minute of the game against Brescia that gave them the *scudetto* with four games to spare. Not for nothing did the Milan sports paper, *La Notte Sport,* give as its headline to the Brescia match, "Si chiama Rivera lo scudetto 1967-68"—"Rivera is the name of the 1967-68 championship".

In the 'Recopa' matches, too, Rivera was the inspiration. In the quarter-final decider against Standard Liege he was particularly brilliant despite missing a penalty and Milan strode confidently on to become the first team ever to have won both the Champions' and the Cup-winners' Cups.

The re-emergence of Rivera into the top flight of European soccer will be welcomed by all who love the game for the sheer skill and subtlety of it. It will, however, be especially greeted by those, of whom I am one, who consider that players with genuine ball skill, such as Rivera, are gradually being squeezed, or should I say kicked, out of the game.

Rivera can still be enigmatic at times. He can still have those matches when nothing seems to go right for him. Like the home game with Torino towards the end of last season. If anyone had been watching him for the first time then, they would certainly have wondered what all the fuss was about as he constantly trod on the ball, miscontrolled it and failed to find his men with his passes! These games, however, are now few and far between and if he does happen to play badly he doesn't let it worry him like it used to.

Gianni Rivera is much admired and respected wherever he plays. Despite being subjected to enormous pressures both on and off the field, he remains a sportsman of the very highest order, his modesty and humility an example to all. As the Bayern trainer "Tschik" Cajkovski said after their Cup-Winners Cup semi-final first leg "Rivera is not only a great player, he is also a perfect gentleman".

Although it has taken Gianni five years to iron out all his problems, I can definitely say it was well worth the wait to see this non-physical player with his unique qualities back where he belongs.

Italian Newsletter from CHRIS WEST

Polemics Evident At Two Levels Last Season

THE 1967-68 football season in Italy has been marked by polemics at both the national and the international levels. The two underlying problems of Italian football are (and this is partially true of all football outside the Communist countries): clashes of personality and the overwhelming importance of money in the game.

One example of the way "money" works is seen in the transfer of 19-year-old Pietro Anastasi from Varese to Juventus. Transfer fees of £300,000—an amount which would still be unthinkable in Britain—are fairly normal in Italy; but in addition, industrial magnates such as Agnelli (the boss of Fiat, who is largely financing Juventus) can pay for footballers in cash and also give large "equalisations" (e.g. by share transfers) to the team "owning" the purchased player.

Obviously, in Britain too, quite a number of "illegal payments" are made as incentives to players; but when rich industrial bosses give private bonuses and fringe benefits to players in teams which they control, and when bonuses of up to £3,500 per man are paid to the Italian National Team for winning the European Championship, the size of the problem in Italy becomes evident.

It is the fans who suffer, and in two ways. First of all, very naturally, a team which knows it will receive a large bonus for winning is inclined to go on the defensive as soon as it has a one-goal lead. Secondly, by European standards, the entrance fees for ordinary League matches seem astronomical: 15/- minimum, rising to £5 or £6 for a good stand seat.

Possibly Torino did not regret ceding Denis Law to Manchester United, since besides his homesickness, he had become fed up with the generally dictatorial methods of Italian team managers and trainers. These latter often act like sergeant-majors, incarcerating their teams for days on end whilst in training, without necessarily gaining their respect, as a real ex-sergeant-major like George Smith of Portsmouth does.

There is a much greater "liberal tradition" in British soccer, and though physical training may be harder, a lot of it is left to the individual, like Bobby Charlton with his famous early morning runs. Italian players can still be treated in a slightly "feudal" way, mirroring the structure of their society, with its marked extremes of poverty and riches.

On the credit side, the standard of play in the First and Second Divisions (called *Series A* and *B*) is extremely high; there is a strong concept of fair play; and stadia facilities are excellent.

The Italians are great admirers of English football, remembering with affection "the gentle giant" John Charles; Bobby Charlton is almost idolised; Jessie Carver has left a string of fans, and Georgie Best even has a fan-club run by a big teenage magazine in Rome.

Even though they finally managed to win the European Championship, they were disappointed not to have met "England, the truly worthy World Champions" in the Final. It is largely due to the influence of Manchester United and England's World Cup win that methods of training are changing in Italy, so that, in spite of the lull, the season to come will probably produce a more attacking football, as well as a revival of the Italian National Team, with world-class players like Anastasi, Riva and Facchetti.

The season just ended saw a marked rise in the fortunes of AC Milan, Naples and Turin (with creditable League performances in the First Division by Bologna, Atalanta, Fiorentina and Varese) and a fall in those of Inter-Milan and Juventus. But with the arrival of Anastasi and Haller at Juventus, and the transference of Gori, Cella and Bertini to Inter-Milan, it is quite likely that these two famous teams will quickly rise again.

After the 1-0 home defeat of Juventus by Benfica, in the second leg of the European Cup, I asked Heriberto Herrera (*pictured Met*) what he thought was wrong with the team. "Well, first of all," he replied, "tell me your opinion." I told him, as respectfully as possible, that it seemed to be a combination of: (a) too much defensive play; (b) a lack of telepathic working together when the team was playing; (c) the fact that the team lacked dynamism in the shape of one or two world-class players; and (d) a lot of bad luck. There were internal troubles with De Paoli (who is argumentative, but on form one of the greatest centre-forwards in Italy) and problems of fitness with the ageing Del Sol, called the Jimmy Haynes of Italian Soccer. Cinesinho, too, was getting much slower.

CRITICISM

To my surprise, Heriberto agreed with every criticism I had made . . . except the bad luck bit! "Let us call this year," he said, "a year of 'raccoglio' "—meaning "a gathering of ourselves together", a year of "repose".

A few days ago it was announced that Bologna was after Cinesinho and that no fewer than seven clubs wanted so sign De Paoli As for the "great magician" Helenio Herrera, trainer of Inter, the polemics about his future started early in January: Moratti, the Inter President, remained loyal to Helenio, but when he was finally "transferred" to be trainer of Roma, instead of accepting the offer to train Atletico Madrid in Spain, his native country, all hell was let loose: the one-time Spanish hero of Italian football became almost "persona non grata", criticised by the press and reviled by many "capi" of the Italian soccer world—including Gentile, the new Inter trainer.

This extremism is analogous with the problems already mentioned. It might be said that the Olympic motto has been reversed, and that it is definitely the winning at all costs, and not the taking part, which matters now. However, if the tensions within the Italian game can be properly directed, it seems that we shall see a true renaissance of Italian football. Winning the European Nations' Cup was a tremendous morale booster, although the way in which it was won—after a toss of a coin against Russia and a replay against Yugoslavia — was roundly criticised by the more objective newspapers such as *Tutto lo Sport* and *La Stampa*.

Nor must football, since it partly reflects a nation's psychology, be subjectively criticised by members of another nation with a different psychology. Since their defeat by the North Koreans in the last World Cup, Italian football has remained very introspective, and is only now emerging from that awful trauma. Its referees and managers have been touring the world examining the defects in their own game, and it would seem that if transfer fees and bonuses are kept in check, Italian football can shortly experience another golden epoch.

At present we look forward to the Italy-England match at Wembley in the autumn (for which the Italians have been offered two dates: November 6 and December 11).

North American Section 1

FOCUS ON TORONTO FALCONS

Future World Champions? It's not so absurd

THE name Toronto Falcons may not mean much to the average soccer fan at present, but in some future year this Canadian club could well be playing for the World Club Championship.

Absurd you say. At the moment yes, but the North American Soccer League has voted to examine the possibility of entering their 1968 champions in this year's world championship, whether it be official or unofficial.

If they should be able to, then it seems hardly likely that this year's entry would be the Falcons but in the fantastically unpredictable world of North American soccer . . . who knows?

The Toronto club is the only one of the 17 teams in the NASL loop that was in existence prior to the formation of the international coast to coast leagues, and their history goes as far back as the late 1940s.

Known originally as Toronto Italia they played non-competitive soccer until 1950 when they joined the semi-professional Ontario National League, eventually becoming the most powerful club in the League with large support from the Italian community.

In 1961 Italia took a step up the ladder when they became a member of the newly formed Eastern Canada Professional Soccer League (ECPSL). In its inaugural season the ECPSL boasted six teams, two from Montreal, one from Hamilton and three from Toronto. Italia finished in fourth spot, winning nine games, drawing four and losing eleven.

BRANISLAO KUBALA—born Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. Moved to Spain with his parents when he was a year old . . . son of Ladislav Kubala . . . started playing when he was eight years old as an amateur with Barcelona . . . played for Milan in Italy's First Division in 1964 . . . spent a season as an amateur with Arsenal in 1965 . . . turned professional in 1966 and played for Espanol . . . transferred 1967 to Sabadell . . . went to Canada late May 1967. Now with Dallas.

Toronto City with a very strong team won the title, and soccer in Canada got a big boost from the presence of such players as Danny Blanchflower, Johnny Haynes, Jackie Mudie, Tommy Younger and Sir Stanley Matthews with the Toronto club. Italia had no mean opposition.

During the 1961 season a salesman handed a couple of tickets for a game at Varsity Stadium to a young real estate broker by the name of Joe Peters. Peters, who was born in Manouth, Ontario, tried many jobs before he entered the real estate business, and after just 18 months as a salesman he became a broker and now owns a thriving real estate operation himself.

TICKETS

Those two tickets, as it turned out, were to be the turning point in the fortunes of Toronto Italia, for Peters liked the game and the enthusiasm of the crowd to such an extent that he bought the Italia club.

Since then he has promoted them so well that today it is estimated that they are the most widely known of all the North American soccer clubs under their new name — the Toronto Falcons.

In the 1962 season under Peters, Italia finished in third spot with a record of nine wins, five draws and ten defeats, but went on to win the President's Cup in the post-season play-offs, beating Toronto City in the final.

A tremendous season in 1963 saw them achieve the double, winning both the League and the President's Cup. Their League record was remarkable with 19 wins, five draws and just one loss. They scored 89 goals while conceding just 29. Danish centre-forward Jorgen Petersen, who stands 6 ft. 4 ins., was the League's leading goalscorer with 23 goals.

When the ECPSL began, attendances were high for soccer in Canada, but in the second season no players currently with an English Football League club were allowed to play for a Canadian club during the close season unless properly transferred. This eliminated many of the star names from the line-ups and caused attendances to slump.

By the start of the 1965 season the League was reduced to five teams and Italia, who finished second in 1964, had dropped to third. However, they went on to win the President's Cup for the third time by beating Hamilton Primos twice by identical scores of 3-1 after the first game was tied 2-2.

At this time the Italia team included the club's present general manager, Hector Marinaro, at centre-back, while others who starred in that team were Argentinian mid-field player Bernardo Vargas who came to Toronto by way of the America club of Mexico after having played with the Racing Club of Buenos Aires, Carlos Metidieri and Giorgio Piotti now with the Los Angeles Wolves, and Tony Leece voted the "Most Valuable Player" award by the League during this season.

By 1966 it was obvious that the ECPSL was in trouble as the number of teams reduced to four with the withdrawal of Toronto City, and attendances were very poor especially in Hamilton and Montreal.

During the 1965 season the team became known as the Toronto Italia Falcons in an attempt to get away from the ethnic flavour of the League, and in 1966 the Italia part of the name was dropped altogether.

The Falcons chose 1966 to have their best ever season, winning 21 of 24 matches, drawing two and losing just one. At one stage they won 13 games in a row and ended the season scoring 57 goals and conceding 16.

With the decision to form a North American professional soccer league involving the large cities of Canada and the United States, the Falcons applied for entry and were accepted into the NPSL. The ECPSL collapsed as a result of this plus the fact that both Hamilton and Montreal could no longer sustain the losses. Subsequently the NPSL failed to gain recognition from the United States Soccer Football Association and the Canadian Soccer Football Association and so the Falcons, along with nine other teams, operated as an outlaw league.

BETTER

The Falcons were expected to do well because they were the only club with any experience and already had a team. Several of their better players, however, refused to sign with an unsanctioned club and the Falcons grossly underestimated the calibre of players the other clubs were willing to contact and sign.

As a result of this they made a disastrous start to the season, losing eight of their first ten games. On May 23 Hector Marinaro, who had played with the Racing Club of Buenos Aires in his prime, was replaced as the coach by Fernando Daucik with Marinaro becoming general manager.

Daucik, who was born in Czechoslovakia, played for his country in the 1938 World Cup at full-back, and following the Second World War moved to Spain where he coached many of the top clubs, including Barcelona, Atletico Bilbao and Real Zaragoza. He had a reputation for saving clubs in trouble and the Falcons were in real trouble.

The first time he saw his new club play they lost 7-2 at home to the Philadelphia Spartans, but he had brought along one player who was later to help to transform the team. His name — Branko Kubala.

Kubala, the son of famous international, Ladislav Kubala, was Daucik's nephew and had had experience as an amateur with Arsenal and AC Milan and later as a professional with Espanol and Sabadell in Spain.

The first game with Daucik in full control was just three days

North American Section 2

LADISLAV KUBALA—born Budapest, Hungary. Began playing soccer when he was 12 years old . . . signed as an amateur with Ganz T.E. in Hungary when he was 14 and turned professional when he was 17 during 1944-45 season . . . went to Bratislava in Czechoslovakia from 1946 to 1948 . . . went to Pro Patria in Milan during 1949 . . . starred for Barcelona from 1950 to 1963 and played for Espanol from 1963 to 1965 . . . played and coached Zurich FC 1966-67 . . . will be 40 in November.

after their 7-2 loss and they went to Baltimore and beat one of the strongest teams in the League 2-0. This was followed by the team's first home win of the season—a 2-1 victory over the New York Generals.

Daucik continued to try to strengthen the team and before the next game acquired the services of his brother-in-law, Ladislav Kubala, who was to play the key role in the Falcons' revival. Another signing at about this time was that of goalkeeper Juan Benegas, originally intended as a back-up goalkeeper for Bill Brown.

Brown, who had been signed on April 19 to replace the injured Nigel Sims, was a Scottish international who had played for Dundee and the great Tottenham Hotspur team which achieved the double in England in the 1960–61 season. Benegas, however, soon became first choice and played so well that he was voted the Falcons' most outstanding player of the season.

With Daucik at the helm, Benegas in goal and the Kubalas in mid-field, Toronto began to click. They won consistently and in doing so played some of the finest soccer seen in the NPSL all season. Their first object was to get out of the Western Division cellar but they were so far behind when the revival started that it seemed highly unlikely that they could even do this.

Throughout the club players who appeared mediocre at the beginning of the season began to show in a better light as team spirit and confidence improved. Tony Kuk, a full-back from Atalanta, was very steady; and another Italian, Bill Burelli, who had had experience with a string of clubs including Juventus, formed a fine centre-back partnership with Ken Bracewell.

In the forward line Argentinian winger Oscar Lopez was amongst the goals, as was Yanko Daucik, son of the coach. Daucik finished the season as the League's leading goalscorer with 20, while Lopez netted 13.

Ladislav Kubala was injured towards the end of the season and the team slumped briefly. With two matches left they still trailed the Los Angeles Toros, the fourth place club, but a 4-4 draw (with Daucik scoring three times) in St. Louis in the penultimate game helped them climb above the west coast squad.

The two bottom clubs clashed in the final match at Varsity Stadium in Toronto with the Falcons seven points ahead of the Toros, a small amount to make up with the League's farcical points system. The Falcons made no mistake though winning 5-2 to climax an amazing recovery, and Daucik got four of the goals—the most ever scored by a single player during the season.

MERGER

During the close season came the merger between the NPSL and the USA. The biggest stumbling block to the negotiations was Toronto, where both Joe Peters and Steve Stavro, owner of Toronto City, wanted the sole right to the Toronto franchise in the new League.

After prolonged talks the franchise was awarded to Peters with Stavro being compensated financially for the loss of Toronto City. However, the matter did not end there and final settlement was not forthcoming until May 15, five months after the merger agreement was ratified.

Until this date the CSFA would not recognise the Falcons even though they had already played six League games including one in Vancouver.

Part of the settlement involved payment of $12,500 from the NASL to the CSFA to cover part of the Association's expenses incurred in making the deal, and an agreement on exhibition games.

Peters has a right to stage professional soccer within a 100 mile radius of Toronto between May 1 and September 30. While outside of these dates Stavro can promote exhibition games. The agreement expires in 1992.

While all this was taking place the Falcons were preparing for the NASL season. Fernando Daucik would not be returning as coach, and the team needed strengthening in order to meet the expected higher standard of the new league.

In January, Ladislav Kubala was signed on a three-year contract as coach and in the meantime Hector Marinaro had been looking for new players to supplement those held over from the previous season.

One player not returning was Yanko Daucik who, on his return to Spain after the NPSL season, found himself banned as a result of playing for an unsanctioned club. The Czechoslovakian-born player promptly left for Chile where he signed with Universidad de Chile, and played for the club in the recent Chilean Octagonal Tournament.

Marinaro, on a trip to his native Argentina, signed three players: Hector Pichioni and Miguel Escalante from Racing and Carlos Ferro from Independiente, and also added Pedro Cubilla, the Uruguayan international who played in the 1962 World Cup team.

Before their training camp opened in El Salvador on February 15, the club added Raul Magana, a goalkeeper, and Joel Estrada, a winger, both from El Salvador, Jose Luis Ponce, a full-back who had played with the Spanish club Elche for the past three seasons and two other Spaniards, Juan Lima from Espanol and Migual Iguaran from Real Oviedo. Iguaran played for Spain against Italy in 1963.

Retained from the 1967 season were Branko Kubala, Oscar Lopez, Juan Benegas, Ken Bracewell and Bernardo Vargas, while Tony Lecce who played with the club in their ECPSL days was also signed, as was Mario Barone, a Canadian-born player who shows promise for the future.

FORMER

Just prior to the opening of the training camp the club signed former goalkeeper Bill Brown to be director of player development, a very important move in the training of future Canadian stars.

During the period that the Falcons were in Central America they signed several players from this area; notably Gus Jimenez, a defender, and Charles Soto, a winger from Costa Rica, Richard Clark, a centre-forward from Honduras, and Julio "Cucaracha" Fonseca, a forward who stands just 5 ft. 3 in. and comes from Honduras.

While in El Salvador the Toronto club played six matches, winning three (including a 3-2 win over the national team), drawing two and losing one.

Before the club returned to

● *Continued on page 50*

North American Section 3

PUSKAS IN DISPUTE WITH REFEREE . . .

COLIN JOSE reports

IN his playing days with Honved and Real Madrid, Ferenc Puskas was known for his goal-scoring abilities, but recently one of his unknown talents came to light, namely his aptitude for geometry.

When Puskas, who is now coach of the Vancouver Royals of the NASL, brought his team into DC Stadium in Washington for a game with the Washington Whips he noticed that the pitch was not rectangular and drew the attention of referee Eddie Pearson to the fact.

Pearson, who is the head referee of the NASL, obviously did not agree because nothing was done about it, and so the Vancouver Royals played the game under protest.

During the match Puskas once again tangled with the referee, running onto the field to dispute a penalty against the Royals, and then taking the ball from the hands of one of the players and kicking it into the stands. For this the former "galloping major" was suspended for two matches and fined $300.

HIRED

As a result of the protest the NASL hired a survey firm to look at the field and they found that the pitch was not marked out according to the rules of the game and consequently the league have ordered the match to be replayed; which is just as well for the Royals because they lost 3-2.

Over in Dallas another coach made the headlines. Bob Kap who led the Tornados on their tour through Asia has been fired by the club's owners after the team's disastrous displays in the Gulf Division. The Tornados under Kap played 13 games of which two were drawn and the other 11 lost; they scored 11 goals while giving up 52.

Taking over in Dallas is Keith Spurgeon who formerly played with Tottenham Hotspur until an injury ended his career and he turned to coaching. Spurgeon was recommended to Dallas by Allan Wade the present director of coaching with the English FA and has had previous coaching experience with Ajax, Heracles and Blauw Wit of the Netherlands.

In Dallas he has taken over a club that according to reports have not had a decent training session since they were formed, and he immediately set to work trying to get the players into shape, and trimming the roster of players who were not up to the standard he requires.

UPHILL

He faces a tremendous uphill task, but according to the *Dallas Morning News* there was a definite improvement in the team in their first game with Spurgeon in control and he is quoted by writer Bob St. John as saying: "We just have a long way to go as far as techniques and tactics go, but they're hustling and that's a start!"

While Puskas and Kap have run into trouble, Phil Woosnam player coach of the Atlanta Chiefs is on top of the world following his club's two wins over Manchester City and in addition he has been appointed coach of the US World Cup team.

In the Atlantic Division of the Eastern Conference the Chiefs lead by 14 points from the New York Generals who are currently in second place, but the club likely to provide the main opposition to the team from Georgia are the Washington Whips.

Washington are the best team I have seen in the NASL all season and although they trail by 20 points at the moment they are improving game by game and play a fast attractive short passing style reminiscent of the Hungarians. Coach Andre Nagy has his players supremely fit and they play for 90 minutes, which is something most clubs don't do.

The defence consists of five very experienced Danish players plus ex-Hibernian goalkeeper Jack Reilly, who is having an excellent season and keeping former Cruzeiro goalkeeper Tonho out of the line up.

While the defence is consistent the forwards are somewhat erratic, especially since centre-forward Roberto Mauro returned to Brazil where he was in danger of losing his seat to the Belo Horizonte city council. At the time of his departure he and Victorio Casa shared the club's scoring lead and they are finding it difficult to replace him.

A typical Washington team this season has lined up: Reilly; Hansen, Sorensen, Worbye; Kyndbol, Huttel; D'Oliveira, Sousa, Pelleta, Casa, Siega.

RECORD

Both Baltimore and New York are inconsistent while Boston are having a very unhappy time and have won only one game all season. However Jack Mansell's club are not as bad as their record indicates for they have lost five games by the odd goal.

In the Lakes Division the major competition is between the Chicago Mustangs and the Cleveland Stokers.

The Mustangs are just beginning to benefit from their tours to Chile and to Europe and this shows up in their team play. They have gone undefeated in their last ten games and John Kowalik has been having a great season leading the attack and currently has 15 goals to his credit. Also amongst the goals and playing some fine soccer for the Chicago outfit is Peter Sulincevski, former captain of Vardar Skopje.

Cleveland have had a steady team all season and coach Norman Low is trying to build a team rather than constantly switching players during a match as a lot of coaches do, thereby upsetting the rhythm of the team.

Toronto Falcons, who have improved considerably since the season began, are now in third place and are undefeated at home but have difficulty in winning away. Iris De Brito, recently acquired from the Kansas City Spurs, has suddenly found his form in the Canadian city after having two indifferent periods with the New York Generals and the Chicago-Kansas City Spurs.

Possibly De Brito finds the largely Latin Falcons more to his liking for he has scored seven goals in eight games with them.

At the bottom Detroit Cougars are still having a rough time following their string of injuries and instead of being one of the leading clubs as most people expected, have been struggling all along. In order to plug one of the gaps caused by injury the club recently acquired Bill Cassidy from Chelmsford City of England's Southern League.

In the Western Conference San Diego have maintained their pace at the top of the Pacific Division and this is due largely to the presence of Vava and also to the amazing form of Cirilo Fernandez, who leads the league's goal-scorers with 18 to his credit.

A dispute has arisen over the Uruguayan centre between San Diego and the Emelec club of Ecuador where he played before moving to the Los Angeles Toros last season. Emelec are claiming the right to Fernandez and they want $35,000 to give up that right.

Oakland are having difficulty keeping up with San Diego and are dropping vital points in games that they should win. Finishing is one of their problems and this was emphasized in a recent tie at the Rose Bowl against Los Angeles Wolves where, on four occasions, they were left with just the goalkeeper to beat but failed to put the ball in the net.

The Wolves who went through

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North American Section 4

Action from the American soccer league . . . Cleveland Stokers (striped shirts) versus Detroit Cougers.

their first six games without defeat still have three games in hand over the Clippers and trail by just 11 points which is not a lot under the NASL scoring system.

START

At the bottom of the table the Vancouver Royals have disappointed after a good start and here again the injury bogey has had some bearing. The Royals have recently added four new players to their roster: Leif Klasson and ex-Sheffield Wednesday player Brian Davies from the Baltimore Bays, Reg Stratton leading goalscorer with Colchester United last season and Canadian international Ike Mac Kay from Victoria O'Keefes of the Pacific Coast League.

In the Gulf Division Kansas City have the upper hand at the moment and with three games in hand over Houston and St. Louis are in a good position. Houston have slipped after a good start, while the St. Louis Stars are a somewhat erratic team.

SIGNED

After a dispute over the transfer of goalkeeper Gernot Fraydl with FK Austria, Fraydl has left St. Louis and the Stars have signed Blagoje Vidinic from San Diego as a replacement. In addition the club have also obtained Eli Durante from San Diego and Billy Wrenger from Kaiserslautern.

Dallas, of course, languish at the bottom of this division and in their first game under new coach Keith Spurgeon dropped a 2-0 decision to the San Diego Toros.

The standard of play in the NASL this season has shown an improvement over last year and the average attendance is up but only slightly.

Attendances continue to present a serious problem for the owners and there is still a real danger that they will tamper with the rules, thereby alienating the fans that they do have and putting themselves outside of FIFA again.

Crowds at Atlanta and Oakland for the visits of Manchester City, and at Jersey City and Toronto for the Celtic versus AC Milan games indicate that there are plenty of fans who think that there is nothing wrong with the rules, but instead something wrong with regular season play in the NASL or with other factors connected with the game.

Americans have tried to change the rules before but soccer lovers have not gone for it, they like the game the way it is, therefore it is to be hoped that the NASL will not undo the good it has done.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Atlantic Division	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Points	
Atlanta Chiefs	14	9	3	2	21	10	83	21
New York Generals	14	5	6	3	22	19	69	16
Washington Whips	13	6	3	4	20	18	63	15
Baltimore Bays	15	6	1	8	16	19	55	13
Boston Beacons	13	1	2	10	18	32	30	4
Lakes Division								
Chicago Mustangs	15	6	6	3	31	25	82	18
Cleveland Stokers	14	6	5	3	26	20	76	17
Toronto Falcons	16	6	4	6	22	32	69	16
Detroit Cougars	12	4	0	8	24	25	42	8

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Gulf Division								
Kansas City Spurs	12	6	2	4	26	14	61	14
Houston Stars	15	6	1	8	27	20	58	13
St. Louis Stars	15	4	4	7	21	33	52	12
Dallas Tornado	14	0	2	12	11	54	17	2
Pacific Division								
San Diego Toros	16	10	2	4	34	18	97	22
Oakland Clippers	16	8	4	4	27	15	84	20
Los Angeles Wolves	13	6	4	2	25	15	73	17
Vancouver Royals	15	5	4	5	21	23	62	14

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ENGLAND'S VIOLENT ASSAULT

Personal View— KEIR RADNEDGE

IN the June edition of WORLD SOCCER I contributed an article concerning the threat to the game contained in violence on the soccer field. I took as my examples of the two extremes of sportsmanship the South American Taça dos Libertadores on the one hand, and a European Cup-tie between Manchester United and Real Madrid on the other.

And there, I thought, I would let the matter rest. Endless screeds about rough play and premeditated provocation can achieve very little. They can at most in this duplicated society of ours merely succeed in over-emphasising what is an admitted problem of present-day soccer.

So I had already filed away the June WORLD SOCCER when England's pride and joy — your very own world's champion soccer team (!)—prepared for, and made its violent assault on, the European Championship.

I use the word prepared, for I am not concerned here with just the Championship matches themselves, but also with the "warm-up" match against West Germany. The results of these three games are now soccer history — thank goodness.

But brutality on the pitches of the world continues and world champions *(sic)* England have most ably smudged their reputation by their fatally-timed leap into the van of the "kick-what-moves" brigade.

Yes, I am aware that English football is hard, is physical, and that because of conditions in mid-winter stamina is held to be of more importance than skill.

But never did I imagine that it would be so clearly exhibited so that all world football opinion could see that English footballers do not play a hard and physical game, but a violent and brutal football—especially when they lose!

Petkovic and Dzajic, star Yugoslavia wingers, literally *braved* the English defence when they set off in the direction of Banks' goal. No tackle — they knew — would be hard enough. No clash could ever take place without a resounding clash of legs. And one or other of the participants was almost always bound to finish up in a mangled heap on the ground.

The Slavs collapsed far more readily than the English. So did the Germans. They had expected to meet physical roughness, and craftily countered with histrionics.

Referees in their own countries, however, are generally far tighter than people in England would credit. For instance: the man in charge of the European Champions' Cup final at Wembley this year was Italy's Concetto Lo Bello. The most complimentary remark any English pressman gave him was: "Petty"!

Petty? — No, no, no! Not petty — strict!

Unpunished

This is the crux of the matter, and where, especially in England the advantage rule plays a major part in denying you better soccer. Because English referees are just too lenient. Clogging tackles and brutal body-checks — above all tackles from behind — are allowed to pass unpunished. Why? — Because English football has created a terrible image for itself to *imitate*.

The image of a "he-man's game", hard, tough, where there is no place for the ball-playing weakling. This situation was aptly summed up by Brian Glanville in a short story he wrote about an inside-forward who was considered "too small".

The old adage that a good big 'un is better than a good small 'un, should be amended to read that a big 'un is better than a small 'un, stop!

English football is based on force. And through force of habit it seems England has at last bred herself not a fine football-team, but a war-machine. Not an eminently successful war-machine, mind you, because England lost to both West Germany and Yugoslavia.

But I dare say in the course of time some Anglo-Saxon may construct a viable alternative to the hydrogen-bomb!

There would have been no honour in snatching—through a piece of scintillating individualism — victory over the Germans or the Slavs. The Germans (remembering the all-too-brief flashes of Beckenbauer and Overath), and the Slavs (haunting memories of Holcer, Dzajic and company), had more talented individuals on the day. Their forwards' sheer bravery earned the crown of victory.

Neither Germany nor Yugoslavia were blameless themselves, of course. But England couldn't complain. I'm afraid the day had finally arrived when the Continentals had decided that shirt-tugging and body-checking weren't enough.

They went out to play with a toughness England would find familiar. Then the English couldn't squeal later. Amazingly these tactics succeeded.

You don't need me here to run through the list of English atrocities, or Continental aggressions. But for a change I'd like to make just a couple of comments of more or less constructive value.

English referees will have to tighten up. Laxity in control leads to lax tackling, physical contact. And physical contact leads to petulance when the victim realises for the umpteenth time that the referee is quite prepared to let intimidation pass quite unchecked.

It was noticeable that the Continental press did *not* level much criticism at Signor Lo Bello for his handling of the European Cup-final. The general opinion was that only his presence to insist on a "Latin-styled" match, prevented a holocaust.

This was England versus the Continent. Roger Macdonald wrote in *The Times* some time ago, I believe, that incidents on the field of play are generally much more common when a British side meets a Continental one, than when two Continental sides meet. Months later I feel bound to concur. As I also feel I must disagree with the repeated pronouncements of Sir Stanley Rous, who persists in perpetuating the myth of the great English referee, and apparently refuses to credit that there is a real difference in refereeing standards in the various different parts of the world.

Vade retro Satane — "get thee behind me, Satan" — and Satan in this case is the brutal sickness of English soccer. Does this article mark me as one with the cause of English football deep at heart — or as a deriding bystander? Judge for yourself.

Football is an art. Beautiful football, a spectacle, can only be achieved when the use of intimidating brutality has been banished from the soccer scene.

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Fatal day in May for Magyars

Hungarian News by LESLIE VERNON

MAY 11, 1968, was one of the blackest days in the history of Hungarian football. The 3-0 defeat at Moscow in the quarter-finals of the European Championship on that fateful afternoon not only crushed the hopes of millions of supporters, but also finally convinced everybody that something is fundamentally wrong with the running of the game in Hungary.

It has been often said that one victory or defeat can alter the course, the whole future of a team. This truism was brought home to me with unexpected emphasis when I visited Budapest recently in order to take a look at the "patient". I talked to officials, coaches, referees, journalists, players and listened to "real" experts like cab-drivers, waiters, etc. Everyone agreed that changes are needed to cure the ills, but when I asked a few simple questions such as why? when? what? and how?, there were a thousand different answers.

My own diagnosis is that most of the ailments are imaginary, and instead of fundamental changes, all that is required is more sensible use of the players (i.e. abolition of over-long tours during the winter) and less mistakes when picking the national eleven. After all, I in this column, and many others elsewhere forecast the elimination in Moscow a long time ago.

Due to injuries, the Hungarian team was under-strength and manager Soos committed fatal errors when putting Tamas and Albert in the side—both of them without any serious match practice during the previous six weeks! A defeat, however humiliating, under such circumstances should not be regarded as a national disaster and need not have far-reaching consequences. But unfortunately, Hungarian football at the moment, is like an incurable hypochondriac — too fond of its complaints to be talked out of them!

Changes will be made and the first steps have already been taken. Behind closed doors and largely unpublicised, it has been decided that the past disappointments were due to the players' unwillingness to work hard in training and to get themselves properly tuned up for the important matches. The coaches of the leading teams should also share the blame, they are not strict enough disciplinarians. The entire coaching and training system will be re-organised, copying English methods.

English teams in the World Cup 1966, Celtic (the Scotland-England border is almost undetectable from such a distance) and Manchester United proved that their training systems are the best in the world. The stamina, work-rate, courage and other physical attributes of the Hungarian players can only be improved if they follow the same hard uncompromising methods. Apart from the above mentioned triumphs of British teams, there are other factors to account for this sudden upsurge of "anglomania":

TONY WAITERS, pictured playing for England, is now an FA coach. (A)

1. Tony Waiters, the former Blackpool goalkeeper, now an FA coach, spent three weeks in Hungary recently and his lectures and demonstrations were a fantastic success.

2. The one-sided Under-23 match between England and Hungary at Goodison (a few weeks later in Budapest, Hungary beat England 1-0 on this level, but in their present mood the prophets of "anglocised" football conveniently forgot that result!).

3. Bobby Charlton, current hero on the Continent. Not only brilliant, but look how hard he works—it has been pointed out time and time again in TV and radio commentaries and after-match comments.

So history repeats itself, the pendulum has swung once again. In 1938, Hungarian coaches came to England to learn the secrets of the "stopper" centre-back and the WM formation. In 1954, English coaches travelled to Budapest to find out about ball "techniques", positional play, etc. Now, it seems that once again it is the turn of the "Magyars" to be the students.

These innovations in training will be only gradually implemented, but another astonishing decision has already been announced. Players who took part in the last World Cup will *not* be considered for the Olympic Games! In Mexico, Hungary are defending champions and it was confidently expected that the strongest possible team would travel. Originally FIFA intended to exercise a ban on World Cup participants, but that was later rescinded. Now the Hungarians are voluntarily restricting themselves—a totally illogical, rather silly decision.

Punishment

If it is intended as a punishment to the erring players, who dared to lose against the USSR, why should, for instance, Bene and Kaposzta, who could not play in Moscow due to injuries, suffer. If on the other hand the intention is to develop a new, young and dynamic team — and this is the first step, why include players like Novak and Keglovich, both over 30?

The World Cup is totally irrelevant to the Olympic Games. To put a ban "en bloc" on the players who performed brilliantly and in valiant fashion (Meszoly) against Brazil, is illogical and unjust.

I would like to mention only one example without being unkind to the player concerned. Zoltan Varga was a member of the World Cup squad, but on arrival at Southport, he became unwell and would not play in any of the matches. The illness was nothing more than a "bruised ego", so Varga had wasted time and money by coming to England. His punishment: inclusion in the Olympic squad!

I am sure that Hungarian football will recover from its sickness, but I am worried as to whether it will be able to survive the "cures" prescribed!

During my stay in Budapest I saw several League matches. One of them, a Ferencvaros-Egyetertes clash, deserves special attention, since the green and whites are due to play Leeds in the Final of the Fairs Cup.

"Fradi" took the field without their two injured mid-field motors, Rakosi and Szucs, and even against such a mediocre opposition, their usual contribution to team-work was badly missed. Horvath took the place of Szucs and proved to be a rather ordinary substitute. Young and talented Branikovits played instead of Rakosi to complete an artistic inside-forward trio with Varga and Albert.

Ferencvaros were only a shadow of the team we saw last winter at Liverpool, the forward-line especially disappointing. The two wingers (Karaba and Katona) played an old-fashioned game, sticking to their touch-line beat with predictable monotony. When in possession, they invariably did the wrong things — shooting when a centre would have been better, passing when a snapshot was required.

The three inside-forwards were much too similar in style, the original (Albert) clearly off-form, carbon copy No. 1. (Varga) brilliant in patches, but often invisible for long periods, and carbon copy No. 2. (Branikovits) too frail and slow to be efficient in a linkman role. The defence was adequate with Pancsics back to his commanding best after a longish lay-off.

The result was a frustrating 1-1, Albert scoring on the turn from a suspiciously off-side position, and Halapi equalising from one of the rare breakaways that the visitors were allowed to mount. Two ex-Ferencvaros players did exceptionally well in defence for Egyetertes — Landi in goal and Matrai right full-back. There were 15,000 people in the Nepstadium for this game and only 1,000 more a couple of weeks later for the Vasas-Ferencvaros derby. (The reason for these dismal turn-outs was explained to me by a disgruntled "stay-away" supporter. "They gave me a sleepless night on May 11, now we are giving them something to worry about!")

Ferencvaros beat Vasas 1-0 in this last match of the spring season to close the gap at the top of the table, where four teams are "in" with a real chance for the title. The goal was given as scored by Rakosi (back in the team by then alongside Szucs)

Continued on page 43

WORLD SOCCER'S man in NORTHERN IRELAND previews the forthcoming season

COLIN McALPIN

LINFIELD—A HOT TIP FOR HONOURS

AS the twelve Irish League clubs go into another season they can look back to a term of fantastic success all round. Last season's greatly improved standards on the field brought in more paying customers and the introduction of Europe's first major sponsored competition, the Blaxnit all-Ireland Cup, gave to the fans a sight of what an all-Ireland League could do for the game. All in all last season was a highly memorable one for many reasons (notably those drawn games between League Champions Glentoran and European Cup Finalists Benfica and the retention of the Irish Cup against the odds by Crusaders).

So what of this new season? For a start the fans have been asked to pay slightly more for their entertainment (from 2s. 6d. to 3s.) but few would really complain if the fare is as exciting as before. I have a feeling that, at long last, Irish League football has turned the corner and that the future will be a bright one.

On the international front the World Cup games against Russia and Turkey are penned down for the season plus the new-look Home Championship matches. Three city clubs will be going into Europe—Glentoran into the European Cup, Crusaders the Cup-Winners' Cup and Linfield the Fairs' Cup—and the general levelling up of standards promises to provide plenty of drama-charged games to watch.

As in previous issues at the start of the new season I'll work my way through the Irish League clubs and preview their chances for future honours (if such a thing can be done before the players have even reported back for pre-season training).

ARDS—Last season the Castlereagh Park side were a strange combination of good and bad. That they lacked a striker to round off some excellent approach work was obvious to most people except manager George Eastham who resented greatly any sports writer saying so. But it was, nevertheless, true for Ards, when they did win, usually won by the odd goal and threw away many more scoring opportunities.

Ards were always a sound enough side if a little too inclined towards mid-field, rather than goalmouth, brilliance. Eastham, a manager who knows his game as well as the next man, finally admitted the point and snapped up Eamonn Gorman who had been released from Glentoran. Gorman, one of the top scorers while with Portadown, never really fitted into the Oval set-up (though in his few first team outings for that side showed that he could still turn the half chance to good use) and his capture by Ards ought to prove a profitable one.

HONOUR

In general terms Ards got some honour from last season's slog. They were beaten by Linfield in the Gold Cup final, again by Linfield in the Irish Cup semi-final, ended in the top four of the League table and generally showed that had they had that goal scorer much earlier things might have been different.

This season I expect much, much more from Ards. They are, as I say, a good side who ought to be amongst the honours. A good tip for such trophies as the Ulster, Gold and City Cups and perhaps as a risk in the Irish Cup.

BALLYMENA UNITED — New player-manager Alex Parker, the former Scottish international, took over at the Showgrounds too late to make anything worth while of an indifferent side. There is certainly potential at United and it is going to be Parker's job to bring it to the surface. Several players have decided that their future no longer seems to be with the club and this will probably have an unsettling effect on the months to come. They are, really, a difficult club to assess for they could be much better than previous records put them down as.

I fear, though, that things will probably be much the same as before for United. Not strong enough to win any of the major honours but they will almost certainly improve as the season progresses.

BANGOR—During the Ulster Cup last season the Clandeboye Road side showed such a vast improvement that I, fool that I was, reckoned them good enough to finish in the top half of the League table at least. Funnily enough, immediately after that good Ulster Cup run they fell apart at the seams and ended in their usual dismally-low spot.

Charlie Tully, the manager, has a lot of work on his hands to restore confidence to a side who never seem to have the will to win games. There is not, alas, a large enough pool of first-class talent at the club to make one want to forecast anything other than a repeat of previous seasons. If they do start well again this term one must still reserve judgement for the future — an average side with less than average prospects.

COLERAINE—For most of last season the Bannsiders under player-manager Bertie Peacock looked one of the most attractive sides in the League. They figured in many a stirring match and earned a place in the final of the Top Four (beaten by Linfield). They were one of the best sides around through the League programme but in the final competition of the season, the City Cup, nothing went right for them and they ended in the lower regions.

RESERVE

Their troubles really began when they sold a couple of star players for they had not sufficient reserve strength to push into the senior side in place of the departing players. This season will almost certainly see them once again in the top half of the tables, in the forefront of successful sides—but not quite in the lists of winners.

CLIFTONVILLE — A poor side with little talent who have

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Crusaders were the shock winners of the Irish Cup final (pictured) last season. Can they do it again and what are their prospects for the forthcoming campaign?

no right to be playing senior football in this age of ultra-sophistication. An amateur side playing amateur football against professionals. They haven't dragged themselves off the bottom for years and I don't see them doing it now.

CRUSADERS — Cup winners for the second year running, pride of the Irish League in their Blaxnit Cup games—the side that loves to be written off before important games, that's the story of the Seaview shockers!

At the start of last season they were so poor it wasn't true. Then along came a new manager, Jimmy Todd, who took them by the scruff of the neck and told them to get out and don't come back unless they won. They did. They upset all the pundits by winning the Irish Cup against much-fancied Linfield, shocked the pundits who said they hadn't a pup's chance against power-house Shamrock Rovers of Dublin in the Blaxnit Final (they were beaten 2-0 in the first leg but stormed back to win 2-1 in Dublin) and ended the season looking fresher than when they had started it.

This season must see the Shore Road side (who recently announced plans for a £36,000 social centre) continue their good work. Don't see them retaining the Irish Cup (odds must really be against a three-wins-in-a-row success) but watch for them in the other competitions and that goes especially for the League.

DISTILLERY—Tommy Casey is a manager who deserves success with his Grosvenor Park side. The Whites have always been famed for their good quality of football but in recent years they have not been fortunate enough to combine it with victories. For most of last term they were a poor side who simply couldn't get into gear—until the City Cup came around and, suddenly, Casey's boys found the way to success.

PROVED

Casey is a tough manager who knows what he wants. I once spoke to him in his little office under the Park stand and he said that inside three seasons Distillery would be a good side. This is the season in question and I reckon he's going to be proved right.

DERRY CITY—Always one of our top clubs, City, now under new manager Jimmy Hill, could be at the cross-roads. Recently they have been good but not good enough and this term could be the one which really sets the Brandywell Road club on the up and up. With such talented players as centre-forward Danny Hale around I'd keep a few bob handy for the odd bet in City's favour. How about them for the Irish Cup for a start?

GLENAVON — My bogey team (whenever I forecast great things for the Mourneview Parkers they let me down). But under new manager Ted Smyth, the man who in short season brought the Crues their first Irish Cup win, things are going to be better for Lurgan fans. If any man can restore confidence and fortune it's the genial Smyth—and sit back this term and watch him do it.

Glenavon have the players and the ability, all they want now is the heart to succeed. If Ted can't provide it then it was never there!

GLENTORAN—The team of the mid-'sixties, the team that has done more for the Irish League than a hundred administrators. Last season should have been a happy one for the League Champions (for the second season running too) and County Antrim Shield winners except for the fact that towards the end of the term the board handed the sack to manager John Colrain.

It was a blow to the club for the big Scot has done a wonderful job for the Ovalites. Strange to say, though, that as I write he is still in Belfast and there is more than the passing possibility that he will be remaining with the club. How come?

Well, it seems his dismissal wasn't a 100% decision on the part of the board and the directors who wanted him to remain have made it clear that they are trying to get their colleagues to change their minds.

Last season the Glens were not as good a side as they had been the previous season. This was due to the fact that they had spent the previous few months selling off some of their most talented players. No club, it has now been proved beyond doubt, can afford to unload so much talent and hope to keep its high position.

But look out for the Glens this term. If Colrain stays, if they keep the present pool of players few clubs will be able to stop the East End side. I take them to do well in most of the competitions these coming months.

LINFIELD—While their old rivals from the Oval were setting the place alight with an excellent brand of football, the Blues were in the dumps. At the start of last season Ewan Fenton came along as new manager and things improved for Linfield.

They suffered a major set-back when Crusaders beat them in the Cup Final (they missed two penalties) and Waterford in the Blaxnit. But take no heed of these end-of-season results, the Blues were the most dangerous side around last season and I cannot see them not repeating the pattern in this one. My hot tip for major honours.

PORTADOWN—Jim Conway has a load of problems with his inconsistent Shamrock Park side. Unless he makes some late-summer signings I just cannot see the Ports lining up for any of the trophies. A dismal side last season and, I'm afraid, a dismal side this season.

So there you have it. The teams I'd especially suggest you keep an eye on are Linfield, Glentoran, Crusaders and perhaps Derry City, Distillery and Glenavon.

● *Continued from page* 41

but in fact his shot was covered by Bolemanyi, when the unfortunate Meszoly deflected it past the goalkeeper. An own goal or not, the green and whites deserved to win and they showed vastly improved form after a lean spell. It is difficult to anticipate Leeds United's pre-season capabilities, but despite the crisis and tribulations in the Hungarian camp, I expect to see Ferencvaros carry off the trophy.

Vasas finished the season as "spring champions", Ujpesti Dozsa are the top scorers, Honved are once again established as one of the elite. So everybody is happy — except Gyor, present Cup-holders, who found themselves in a relegation place. Last year's "king of goals", Antal Dunai, is leading the pack once again, but the magnificent three (?) Bene, Albert and Farkas are following in hot pursuit. 330 goals were scored in the 120 matches for an average of 2.7 per match.

TOP SCORERS

Antal Dunai II (Ujpesti Dozsa) 15; Korsos (Vasas) 13; Farkas (Vasas) 11; Albert (Ferencvaros) 10; Bene (Ujpesti Dozsa) 10; Szuromi (M.T.K.) 10.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Vasas	15	11	1	3	39	17	23
Ujpesti Dozsa	15	9	4	2	47	16	22
Honved	15	8	5	2	26	11	21
Ferencvaros	15	8	5	2	29	17	21
Csepel	15	7	4	4	19	13	18
Szombathely	15	4	7	4	16	20	15
Pecs	15	5	5	5	14	19	15
Egyetertes	15	3	8	4	18	19	14
Dunaujvaros	15	5	4	6	17	23	14
M.T.K.	15	4	5	6	17	19	13
Szeged	15	4	5	6	15	37	13
Salgotarjan	15	3	5	7	18	26	11
Diosgyor	15	3	5	7	16	24	11
Tatabanya	15	2	7	6	12	18	11
Gyor	15	1	8	6	12	17	10
Videoton	15	3	2	10	15	34	8

BRAZIL—

put under the ROGER MACDONALD *microscope*

THE dormant giant flexes his muscles. Brazil, still without Pelé, have been testing their strength in Europe and South America, on a long tour that has taken them as far as Montevideo to the south, Warsaw to the north and Mozambique to the east. It has been a journey with spectacular success and sobering failure.

Brazil seem to have come to a compromise between the 1964 team they left behind in coming to England for the World Cup and the 1967 team of sweeping changes that took on Uruguay in three friendly matches. Back, of the scapegoats for humiliating defeats by Argentina (1964) and Portugal (1966), are Carlos Alberto, Brito, Joel, Rildo and Gerson. Retained, of the largely untried team who played in Montevideo for the Rio Branco Cup, are Felix, Sadi, Jurandir, Paulo Borges, Natal and Tostao.

Santos, earning £10,000 a match every time they fielded Pelé on tour, released the rest of their players without a murmur. Claudio, their small goalkeeper, played in the opening matches of the European tourney without distinction. He made far too many errors and lost his place to Felix, the Portuguesa goalkeeper, who, at 29, is still seriously short of international experience.

Carlos Alberto, incredibly left out of the World Cup party, played continuously at right-back with exciting flair, although he is dangerously prone to be caught attacking when he should be defending. At first Brazil played with a free-back, the aggressive Sadi Schwitt from the Gremio Stae club, Internacional; but Rildo proved more reliable, whereupon Brazil reverted to a fluid 4-3-3 system, with Brito of Vasca da Gama and Joel (transferred from Santos to Sao Paulo) manning the centre. They did not look particularly safe, especially in the air, and Gerson, who led Botafogo to victory in the Rio championship, had to spend far too much time bolstering his defence.

As a result Brazil's midfield work fell far below what was needed, with Jurandir, a huge coal-black figure, prone to disastrous error and Denilson of Fluminense, sadly off form. Too much work fell on Tostao, quite the best and most consistent of Brazil's international players, when he would have been better concentrating on the link with the inexperienced Natal. Rivelinho of Corinthians came into the team with considerable effect, but a player with his shooting ability seems wasted in midfield.

If the two victories against Uruguay were a vast improvement on three draws last year, the European results were disappointing. Against Poland, Brazil showed their brilliant potential, but the heat told in their favour. West Germany deservedly beat them in the first match, but as this took place barely 48 hours after their arrival in Europe, it was only to be expected. Brazil, however, made enough chances to beat Czechoslovakia, and should have beaten Portugal far more easily than they did.

Brazil's biggest weakness is an excess of individual skills at the expense of the collective. Jairzinho and Edu are both astonishing ball players, or indeed excellent finishers, but they are inclined to be obsessed by their own virtuosity. What Brazil need is a player who will stand out because of his contribution to team work, a Didi or a Zito in midfield, a Djalma Santos in defence — and he is not there.

Any pessimistic forecast of Brazil's chances in the World Cup must be tempered with a note of caution: for Pelé may play, after all. He said, when leaving on tour with his club: "If the national team had summoned me, I would have gone to Europe with them. It was not only a question of special bonuses and guarantees that decided whom I would join; my club really needed me. But next year when the serious job of qualifying for Mexico starts, I shall be there, and, I hope, in Mexico itself." Bold words now; we shall see if he means them. If he does, the dark smudge on Europe's contented football skies may become a threatening thundercloud.

Redressing

Brazil began their programme of nine internationals in 33 days with two games at home against Uruguay, in Sao Paulo and Rio de Janario. A goal by Tostao after only ten minutes put Uruguay on the defensive in the first match, which was settled on the hour when Sadi advanced from the rear to score a second. Any hopes Uruguay had of redressing the balance in Rio three days later were dashed even earlier, for Borges scored in the eighth minute. Again the Uruguayans hung on until half-time, but immediately afterwards Tostao scored a brilliant goal; Brazil were then content to coast along until the last few minutes, when they scored twice more through Gerson and the unstoppable Jairzinho. Even a serious injury to Cruzeiro's Wilson Piazza, who broke a leg in the second half, did not affect the balance.

After this bright beginning, Brazil's defeat in their opening match in Europe, in front of 74,164 at Stuttgart, was surprisingly emphatic. Germany, gathering momentum after their token victory against England, began at a furious pace and could have been several goals ahead at half-time. With Beckenbauer mobile and ingenious in midfield, the Germans switched their point of attack at a speed the Brazilians found disconcerting in the extreme. After only three minutes Lorenzo took Weber's pass into the penalty area and scraped the outside of the post with Claudio nowhere in sight. After six Bernd Dörfel centred optimistically, too far ahead of his attack; but Jurandir inexplicably brought the ball down with his chest and lost it to Held, who shot into the open goal.

Zito, formerly the midfield maestro of Brazil, has been hard to replace. (O)

Brazil were now falling apart at the seams, neither marking the Germans man for man nor presenting a united barrier outside the penalty area. Germany found so much room to move that they could shoot almost at will, and Claudio stopped fierce drives from Beckenbauer and Overath more by luck than judgement. Then Neuberger broke through excitingly on his own, to be robbed at the very last moment, and Sadi kicked the ball off the line—or rather, as I saw it, from a good foot behind.

The Brazilians, in contrast, were largely a blunt instrument. Apart from two early moves by Joel and Gerson, then by Edu and Jairzinho—who beat Lorenz and passed across the front of the goal—they allowed Walter largely to assume a role of spectator. Joel and Denilson tried hard in midfield, but they needed too much time and space to make a move, and Gerson was compelled to reinforce his creaking defence. Jairzinho was the best Brazilian forward, but even he was hurt after half-time and replaced, ineffectively, by Cesar.

Yet, to their credit, Brazil came back strongly after Held caught the ball on the by-line and centred for Dörfel to score. Gerson came out of defence to link with Edu, whose marvellous dribbling skills at last became too much for Höttges. Within a minute Edu broke on the left wing and centred perfectly to Tostao, who headed past Walter from four yards. Germany now decided to hold what they had gained, and with Overath magnificent in defence,

Brazil could not quite make up for their disastrous start.

Another huge crowd, more than 80,000, packed Warsaw's Army Stadium for Brazil's next game against Poland. Moreira made two changes in defence, dropping Jurandir, who had had a dreadful match against West Germany, and confirming the second half substitution of Rildo for Sadi. The team now assumed a more discernible 4-3-3 formation, with Carlos Alberto, Brito, Joel and Rildo at the rear. Denilson and Paulo Borges were replaced in the attack by Rivelinho, a nominal winger, and Natal, playing alongside his Cruzeiro clubmate, Tostao.

On another sweltering afternoon, with the temperature almost at 85 degrees, Brazil took time to get organised and Poland looked far the smoother side in the early stages. The ball glided sweetly from man to man and with greater confidence in shooting they must have scored. But Brazil took the lead after 12 minutes, when Kostka—who had a bad match for a goalkeeper of such dazzling gifts—failed to hold Tostao's fierce shot and Natal followed up decisively.

Yet almost at once Brazil's lack of authority in the air revealed itself. Zmijewski centred from the right, a long, high cross dropping easily for the defence; unfortunately Brito missed it horribly and Blaut, jumping more as a gesture, headed the equalizer with his eyes firmly shut.

This soft goal turned the game temporarily in Poland's favour. Lubanski and Zmijewski manoeuvred a space dextrously, leaving Rildo with the option of tripping Zmijewski or watching him score. So he stuck out a leg, and not even the Russian referee, Arkhipov, who spent most of the afternoon perspiring at an alarming distance from the ball, could miss as blatant a foul as that. Claudioi made a good effort to stop the penalty, but Sadek's kick was impeccable.

Still the goals came, Rivelinho equalising almost immediately after a superb run from his own penalty area; but, again, Kostka might have been expected to stop his long shot. This seemed to demoralize the Poles, who trudged off the field looking completely exhausted at half-time, and returned in no better shape ten minutes later.

In contrast Brazil looked fresh and determined. They dominated the second half completely, with Jairzinho throwing the Polish defence into confusion with his little darting runs and sleight of foot. He scored almost at once, outsprinting two defenders, and Tostao got another goal from close range after Rivelinho had almost dislodged the cross bar with a ferocious shot on the turn. Thereafter Poland gave up the ghost, conceding further goals from Jairzinho and Rivelinho from point blank range, only Zmijewski, who scored with an ambitious shot in a mêlée, trying to the last. The Poles lacked spirit and ambition, and although Szoltysik and Latocha came on as substitutes, they might as well have changed the whole team.

After this dramatic recovery Brazil had high hopes of beating Czechoslovakia in Bratislava, where 60,000 filled the Slovan Stadium to capacity. The Brazilians began brilliantly, making ground and space with superb movement and control; Natal's opening goal, after only three minutes, scarcely reflected their superiority. But all their work was wasted when Joel tried one pass too many in midfield to Carlos Alberto, running on an attacking diagonal. Adamec, seeing what was happening, or about to happen, subtly intercepted on the blind side. Because of Brazil's commitment upfield he found all the other defenders square and too far away, and Adamec does not miss chances like that.

Pattern

The second half followed the same pattern precisely, with Brazil dominating the opening minutes and scoring again, through Carlos Alberto, then giving away a goal through defensive error. Carlos Alberto had spent so much time upfield that he seemed to forget which way he was playing, for a back pass to Felix, replacing Claudio, would have looked better as a shot at Viktor. Felix barely scrambled it away, Brito kicked aimlessly upfield, and Vesely took possession with Brazil in sorry disarray. He sprinted down the wing and passed perfectly to Adamec, who shot on the run into the far corner. Now Brazil had lost the initiative and Czechoslovakia, confirming their promise against Yugoslavia, were in full cry. Another movement started by Vesely bisected two defenders and Adamec, the supreme opportunist, beat Felix for the winning goal

Another 60,000 crowd saw Brazil's next match, thousands of miles away in Portuguese East Africa. It was a unique occasion, for Portugal had sent their national team on a goodwill visit to the colonies, and Lourenço Marques had never previously staged a full international. It was a nostalgic visit for the Portuguese captain, Coluna, returning to play in his home town for the first time since the age of 14.

Even without Eusebio, still in convalescence after his knee operation, Portugal dominated the first half and missed two easy chances.

Once off the hook, Brazil proved too determined a fish to be caught again. Carlos tripped Jairzinho just outside the penalty area and Rivelinho's free-kick went past Americo like a bullet. Brazil almost scored from another set position after Hilario had tripped Rivelinho even closer to goal, but Gerson's kick rose above the bar by a matter of inches. Portugal could not get going, even when Jorge and Simoes came on as substitutes to breathe life into the attack. Instead it was sudden death, for Brazil scored again. Tostao tempted Americo out, flicked the ball to Rivelinho, and took a return pass as the goalkeeper made a second fruitless rush like some eager terrier. Only then, with Portugal resigned to defeat, did Tostao flick the ball arrogantly into the unguarded goal.

Edu, one of Brazil's new crop of brilliant footballers, pictured during an international in Sweden. (UPI)

Racing Club back on the goal standard. Humberto Maschio (right) scores their first goal in their 3-2 win over Newells Old Boys in the Metropolitan Championship as fallen goalkeeper Bertoldi and defenders Ramirez (2) and Musante (3) look on helplessly. (EW)

YUGOSLAVIA

DELIGHTED with his team's performance in Italy, national coach Rajko Mitic returned to Belgrade more than ever confident that his squad would do well in Mexico. "When we began the European Championship campaign I had no thought of reaching the last stages" he said. "I planned to use the competition simply to rebuild the team. We went to Italy as the fourth contender, just to make up the number, and came back runners-up and with a little luck in the final we might have won the trophy." Back in Belgrade however, the FA have altered their transfer regulations to make Mitic's task just a little more difficult. Until now a player wanting to join a foreign team had to obtain the permission of his Yugoslav club (which would receive a transfer fee), be over 28 years of age and obtain approval from the FA. From now on only the first condition will apply.

The FA have also decided to increase the complement of clubs in Division I from 16 to 18. This summer two clubs will be promoted from Division II but none will be relegated. The bottom two clubs in Division I will play off *"promociones'* games with the third and fourth clubs in Division II.

The decision to increase the First Division was good news indeed for Milos Milutinovic manager of struggling OFK Beograd. Bottom of the table and apparently in a hopeless position at the half-way mark, Milutinovic got his boots out again at 35, signed Dragoslav Sekularac back from the USA and led the bid to stay up. OFK pulled away from the bottom to leave FC Rijeka and new boss, former goalkeeper star Vladirim Beara (back from Holland) in last place, but just failed to pull clear. Sarajevo and Vojvodina, champions in 1967 and 1966 respectively both experienced a bad year—like OFK they were particularly hit by the exodus of Yugoslav players 18 months ago. Sarajevo pulled away however to finish seventh but Vojvodina couldn't climb above thirteenth place.

Red Star Belgrade took a Cup and League double, beating Division II Bor FC by 7-0 in the final and leaving league runners-up Partizan, five points behind in the league race.

ARGENTINA

ALMOST half-way through the 1968 campaign, the only unbeaten club is San Lorenzo de Almegro — managed by Brazilian coach Tim who brought AC Bangu up out of the doldrums five years ago and has been regarded as a genius ever since. Leading Zone A with 12 wins and five draws in their 17 matches San Lorenzo have notched 38 goals for the loss of only six, and are already 11 points clear of second club Boca Juniors. Estudiantes are fifth in Zone A with the Racing Club sixth. River Plate FC lead Zone B with 24 points from 17 matches but are closely pursued by Velez (one point behind) and Independiente who are four points away.

Argentina's worst football disaster in many years took place during the River Plate-Boca Juniors inter-zone match. With 100,000 people packed into the Stade Nunes fire broke out in the main stand and in the crush to get out 71 people were killed and 163 seriously injured. An on-the-spot enquiry revealed that one of the main exits was mistakenly left locked and the other exits were blocked by cars, many of them belonging to the police.

The personal campaign of the Buenos Aires Police Chief waged in a bid to clean up misconduct on and off the field has begun to worry many of Argentina's top players—which means that the police are probably beginning to succeed where the FA have failed for years. Announcing that anyone causing a disturbance would be arrested by his officers, the police chief gave instructions that players sent off were to be arrested and detained for thirty days in prison.

So far, eight players and two club officials have served a month as guests of the police chief, and a delegation of players, including Rattin, Maschio, Decaria and Pastoriza recently called on FA Presidente Signor Valentim Suarez. The Presidente agreed that it was none of the police chief's business when players were sent off but couldn't give any assurance regarding future policy of the police which was beyond his control. Secretly he probably supports the campaign.

BRAZIL

AC PALMEIRAS, finalists in the 1968 Copa de Los Libertadores had 11 games in hand when the leading clubs finished their programmes. Bottom of the league, they will probably play off enough matches to pull clear of the relegation zone and then leave the balance of matches put off to make way for cup games unplayed.

After Santos FC had won the Sao Paulo title, a fierce battle was waged for the Carioca championship between Botafogo who were unbeaten in Group A and their counterparts in Group B, Vasco da Gama. In the second half of the campaign the top teams in each group were brought together and Vasco won an early duel with Botafogo by 2-1. This was the only game Botafogo were to lose however and a stroke of genius amongst the fixture makers brought the two clubs together on the last day. On the morning of the final round, Botafogo topped the table with 30 points from 17 games with Vasco da Gama having 29. Botafogo's young squad made no mistake however and with nine of their team, products of manager Zagalo during his three year stint as Youth coach, they hammered Vasco 4-0 to take the title by three clear points.

Thwarted in their bid for the South American championship Palmeiras have already begun to strengthen their playing strength. Many critics were of the opinion that their finishing power failed to match their approach play and this view is consistent with their first new signing: Luis Artime. Argentina's 1966 World Cup centre-forward, Artime made a big impression in Europe. A year ago, dissatisfied with the terms offered him by River Plate FC, he was transferred to Independiente who passed him on to Palmeiras for £40,000 (25 per cent of the fee goes to Artime himself).

Meanwhile Palmeiras who are not a wealthy club by world standards are negotiating with Nacional (Uruguay) who are interested in their centre-forward Tupazinho. To raise the money to buy the Brazilian, Nacional have already sold international inside-forward Hecto Cincunegui to Atletico Mineiro (Belo Horizonte) for £25,000.

ITALY

AT the semi-final stage, the Italian FA decided to change the format for the FA Cup and the last four were called upon to play home and away matches amongst themselves. AC Milan, Internazionale, Bologna and Torino were the clubs involved and though the series made money, following Italy's success in the European Championship the innovation was not judged a success. On the last day of the mini-lega, Torino won 2-0 away to Inter at San Siro while AC Milan went down 2-1 away to struggling Bologna. The Cup thus went to Torino, and manager Dr. Edmondo Fabbri is now completely forgiven for Italy's World Cup lapse against North Korea . . . at least by the Turin public.

When Inter Presidente Signor Angelo Moratti declined to stand for another term, Helenio Herrera immediately announced that he would quit. All set to sign for Atletico Madrid, he then antagonised the Spanish club by joining Roma when the Spaniards thought he was on his way. No sooner did HH arrive in Rome than the Presidente and Vice-Presidente of his new club both resigned. Now it seems that the club has not the money available to buy the players HH insisted upon before he agreed to take over the Roman squad.

Naples, who finished second to AC Milan in the race for the *scudetto*, are also in difficulty after losing almost £500,000 last season. Presidente Achille Lauro has severed his connection with the club and the new board engaged Benfica coach Otto Gloria in defiance of the ban on foreign coaches. Referring to Gloria as a special adviser to the directors, Naples didn't fool the Italian Managers' Association who insisted that the Lega Nazionale and the FA enforce their ban.

Now Naples are without a coach and having dismissed Bruno Pesaola (moved to Florence) could be in trouble. Gipo Viani (dismissed by Bologna) and former AC Milan star Nils Liedholm — sacked by Second Division Verona after leading them to promotion are the favourites for the Naples job.

SWITZERLAND

WITH FC Zurich, Grasshoppers and FC Lugano holding the top three places and level on points at the end of the league campaign the rules called for a fresh round of matches between the title contenders. Zurich beat neighbours Grasshoppers 2-0 and then GC accounted for Lugano 2-1 to leave FC Zurich with the title on a plate. With a better goal average Zurich would have been "meisters" even if they had lost to Lugano though they made no mistake and won comfortably 2-0. In the last few weeks of the season, the much improved Lausanne team beat all three championship finalists—including a fine 4-1 win over FC Zurich after being an early goal behind!

Attempting to cash in on the favourable circumstances, the Schweizer Fussball Verband badly misjudged their public. Staging the vital games at Lausanne—midway between the three contenders, the FA banned the television cameras and then hoping for bumper gate receipts boosted the admission prices to double the normal charge. Encouraged by the press who launched an active campaign to boycott the series, the public cocked a snook at the SFV and in a season when the highest ever attendances have been recorded in the First Division, a mere 8,000 turned out to see Grasshopper's v. Lugano.

FC Zurich centre-forward Fritz Kunzli walked away with the First Division leading scorer's title with 28 goals in 26 matches. In second place, ten goals behind, was Brenna of Lugano, with Blattler (GC) Kerkhoffs (Lausanne) and the Swede Ove Grahn strung out well behind.

At one stage during the season just ended, the Grasshoppers Club were eight clear points ahead of FC Zurich who pipped them at the post. FCZ seem to be masters at recovering from poor starts to win the championship for three years ago they began the season with a 0-9 defeat only to fight back and win the title! Grasshoppers run of bad luck was not confined to on-the-field activities however. Having completed their league programme their home ground was levelled by fire. Next season they will share the Letzigrund with the other Zurich clubs, FC Zurich and Young Fellows who will spend next season in Liga B.

GREECE

FINISHING the campaign four points ahead of runners up Olympiakos, AEK took the championship for only the second time since 1940. On both these occasions, 1962-3 and 1967-8 the AEK manager was Hungarian born Jeno Csaknady. Not surprisingly Csaknady is now regarded by AEK fans as some kind of god. In between his two stints in Athens however, Csaknady was with 1st FC Saarbrucken and 1st FC Nurnberg but in the Bundesliga he served without success.

Leading scorer in the Greek First Division was Intzoglou from unfashionable club Panionios who hit 24 goals. One behind him was the veteran Olympiakos star George Sideris with the AEK pair Papaioannou and Nikolaidis sharing third place with Kouvas (Vyzas) all with 19.

Relegated to Division II are Olympiakos (Volos), Proodeftiki (Piraeus) and the first club from Cyprus to play in the Greek First Division, Olympiakos of Nicosia. Up in their stead come Chalkis AE and Trikala, champions of the Greek North and South Sections of the Second Division and the new Cypriot champions, AE Limassol. For the first time in some years the island of Crete could possibly see First Division football next season for Iraklon finished the campaign as runners-up in the Southern section of Division II and along with Cavala their counterparts in the North they will now fight *promociones* battles with Serres and Eleusis who finished above the relegated pair in the top flight.

For the new season Olympiakos have already engaged Yugoslav coach Liumpicsa Spaits along with two Yugoslav assistants. Panathinaikos, who started the campaign with Bela Guttmann and wanted to have Tommy Docherty to succeed him, finished up with Argentina-born, naturalised Uruguayan centre-forward Humberto Hohberg, but are apparently still dissatisfied. The man they would now like to engage is said to be Josef Boszik the former right-half and later manager of Honved.

South American Commentary

● *Continued from page 7*

picked for a squad playing a **series** of international matches rather than individually for a particular match. Thus a player injured, or out-of-form, at the time, misses not one international match but the entire series. Conversely a player enjoying a brief, but illusory, show of brilliance gets into the squad and, with few players being taken along merely to enjoy the scenery, makes appearances he may scarcely have deserved.

The reason for the concentrated period of international activity is to avoid disturbance of the domestic championship of the clubs in Rio and Sao Paulo which is either completed or suspended when the national tour is made. But this same completion or suspension means that clubs are free to travel to profitable foreign engagements and there is a constant clash of club and national team interest over the services of players. This season, for example, the national party and Santos were touring Europe at the same time and a deal seems to have been struck with the national party having the services of players like Claudio, Carlos Alberto, Joel, Rildo and Edu, for example, whilst Santos retained their money raising, crowd-puller Pelé.

Nonetheless the fact that so many Santos players are in the national party suggests that Brazil, seeking revenge in 1970 for the 1966 failure to reach even the quarter-final stages of the World Cup, may be applying themselves more consistently to the building of a "national club." The selection certainly seems a most interesting one to me with experienced players like Gerson, Brito, Rildo and Jairzinho; more recent but already established players like Tostao, Denilson, Edu and Paulo Borges; newcomers like Sadi and Natal, who made their first appearances last year, Rivelino and Roberto; and players like Carlos Alberto, Joel and Dias who seemed in 1964 to be real hopes for the 1966 World Cup matches but then faded from the international, if not the club scene of varying degrees of neglect. Now all are back—together as I have mentioned with Brito, Rildo, Gerson and Jairzinho who were also in the Brazilian team that took part in their Four-Nations Tournament in 1964 against Portugal, Argentina and England. The last four named were all 1966 World Cup players — the earlier named trio were not.

ERIC BATTY — back from a European tour — explains

Professionalism will not answer Czech problems

VISITORS from Western countries would find a typical Czech league match immediately refreshing. Brought up on "getting stuck in" and by now quite accustomed to all the clogging which dominates the game in Britain, Italy and West Germany, the Western fan would realise at once that the Czechs have ideal conditions for playing real football. The difference is so marked that a visitor from another planet who had never seen a football match would find it impossible to believe that English football and the Czech kopana are the same game.

English football is now so dominated by "kicking" that it is almost impossible to play real football in and around the penalty areas for in the minds of the defenders "everything that moves must be kicked". In Czechoslovakia it is still the ball which dominates and anyone who can play would be allowed to do so. The tragedy is that while present conditions in Czechoslovakia are ideal for those who can play and want to play, there are very few players who know how!

There are exceptions to this generalisation, headed by the new champions Spartak Trnava. They alone have a modern conception of the game and were they not losing their coach, Anton Malatinsky, I would think that they could continue to win the championship every season for the next ten years. The other clubs are so far behind Trnava that it is difficult to make comparisons and seeking further exceptions to the generalisation that the Czechs don't know how to play one must look not for teams but for individuals.

Svatopluk Pluskal, former Dukla right-half, now boss of Bohemians. (EB)

The first and last matches I saw during my recent visit provided one further exception. Both games were played at Dukla's Juliska Stadium in Prague, the first being Dukla's home leg of the FA Cup Final against Slovan Bratislava and the last being their final league match against neighbours Bohemians. The Cup Final was won by Dukla 1-0 but the outstanding figure in the match was that of Jan Popluhar, captain and centre-back of Slovan. The positional play and anticipation of Popluhar provides a near perfect example for any young stopper to match and if his jumping and heading were also outstanding the quality which makes him near unique in Czechoslovakia was none of these things. Where other defenders would challenge for a ball on the ground or in the air, win it, control it, and then look up to find a colleague and pass, Popluhar does all these things at once. He moves in to challenge and with head or foot sends the ball away first time. He knows what he is going to do with the ball before he gets it!

The crowd at this match was only 2,000, meagre enough in any circumstances but for a Cup Final indicative of the interest Dukla have been able to arouse in Prague. The game was screened, live and in full on television but it is doubtful if more than a few thousand Prague fans followed the game on their screens. Certainly the fans of Sparta and Slavia would have better things to do, like taking the family dog for a walk.

Two old favourites

The last match I saw was the Dukla-Bohemians league encounter which brought together two old favourites, Josef Masopust and Svatopluk Pluskal. Starring together as wing halves for Dukla and Czechoslovakia, Masopust and Pluskal played a vital part in the successes of both club and country which culminated with the World Cup final appearance at Santiago in 1962. Masopust, who had been omitted from the Cup Final a fortnight earlier, returned to the team for the last league game to make his final bow at Juliska. Next season he is off to Belgium where he will play as a professional for Belgian Second Division club Crossing Meulenbeek. Pluskal retired from the active side of the game two years ago and in the season just ended was assistant coach with Bohemians. Experiencing one of their worst ever campaigns, Bohemians sacked their coach and appointed Pluskal to succeed him just a few days earlier.

Briefly, the two were brought together again, Pluskal on the trainer's bench and Masopust in the middle. Before the game began they were called to the centre, Masopust to receive a plaque and a cheque for 10,000 crowns (£500) and each was presented with a bouquet of flowers.

Conversation

This ceremony reminded me of a conversation I had with Pluskal and Masopust some years earlier. I had asked did they receive under the counter payments or bonuses in addition to the regular Army Officers' salaries they received from Dukla for at that time everyone in Western Europe was convinced that the State-paid amateurs of Eastern Europe were in fact professionals.

Pluskal and Masopust had told me then that they received nothing but only a short time before this conversation Dukla had won the New York Summer league for the second year in a row, hammering Everton for seven goals and beating West Ham in the final. On their return to Prague, all the players and officials were instructed to attend at the Ministry of Defence for an audience with the man who as titular head of the Army was also the employer of the Dukla players.

At last said Masopust, we thought we were going to get something for all our efforts, although we had been brought up by Dukla's first coach Karel Kolsky to put football before all else and to think in terms of giving rather than getting. Finally the moment arrived and grouped around the Minister he spoke at length about the fine example we were setting for the youth of the nation and then he presented each player with an autographed copy of a book he had written on the importance of sport and culture within the framework of society. Watching the brief ceremony in the centre of the pitch, a Czech journalist friend told me that Dukla were giving Masopust 10,000 crowns. Next season he should make considerably more than that in Belgium, but knowing him I'm sure he would have done it all for nothing and also that he'll treasure the Golden Ball he received from *France Football* as Europe's Footballer of the Year in 1962, far more than any money he'll ever get from the game. The Dukla-Bohemians match itself was a wash-out. Pluskal had already told me that he was retaining only six or seven of the younger players and his team that day was young and inexperienced. It was apparent, however, that the players were eager if not particularly good and I

got the distinct impression that they were all out to please Pluskal. With that attitude Bohemians should do much better next season.

The performance of Masopust was the one bright spot in a very sombre evening. Long before the end I wanted to go, but stayed very largely to see if Masopust could get the goal he wanted to mark the end of his career with Dukla. Though Dukla won easily, and the Bohemians 'keeper Redina was atrocious in his general play, he was exceptionally good on the shot. Three times Masopust ran through the Bohemians defence on his own but each time Redina pulled off a spectacular save. With the game already won, the Dukla players sensed Masopust's desire to end his span with a goal and tried to give him one. The thought was there and the players were more than willing, but they simply didn't know how to create a scoring chance.

At 37, Masopust's legs will no longer carry him about as freely as they once did, but his craft and skill are still apparent. Every ball he got was despatched with care and cunning; at every moment Masopust was well placed and often he burst into life to steam into a great position. All his running came to nothing, however, for his colleagues in possession were only aware of players who moved ahead of them. Finally, Masopust gave up and at the end looked a little dejected. The last of the old guard, Masopust would still be very useful in a good team, but with Dukla he looked out of place and probably felt it.

After the match I spoke briefly to Dr. Topinka, the Dukla medico who has been with the club almost since it was formed in 1948. How did he compare this team with the Novak, Masopust, Pluskal, Borovicka, Kucera squad? I asked. The doctor moved his head slightly from side to side, as if weighing my question. "Amateurs", I suggested?

The doctor smiled but made no reply. He wouldn't agree with my estimate but he wasn't going to deny it.

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Perhaps the most talented players in all of Czechoslovakia are to be found at Sparta. This is not surprising for the 1967 champions are quite the richest and most influential club in the country. Though transfers are difficult to arrange and often impossible under the present regulations, Sparta usually manage it. Three of the present squad Tichy, Pospichal and Jurkanin, all internationals, were acquired from other clubs in the face of stiff competition and this is indicative of Sparta's special position.

If the current mood of everyone connected with football in Czechoslovakia is brought to fruition, next season will see the introduction of professionalism. The Football Section of the Sports Ministry will not allow an unfettered cut-throat brand of professionalism and indeed they are by nature still true-blue amateur. With everyone else stacked against them it seems likely that they will give way but the brand of professionalism introduced will be something between that of England and that of Yugoslavia where the FA still insist on a great many safeguards.

Dangerous play—high-kicking—by Mutkovic of Slovan Bratislava in the first leg of the Czechoslovakian Cup Final against Dukla. Seconds later, following a goalmouth scramble, Strunc scored the only goal for Dukla. (EB)

When professionalism is introduced this could mark the beginning of a new great era for Sparta. Their new ground, completely covered and with room for close on 50,000 is almost completed. Amongst their players are many of the biggest names in Czechoslovakia and in wealth and influence Sparta rank second to none.

Against all these advantages one must weigh the great intangible aspect which I am convinced will hold them back. Sparta is regarded by all who love her, as an institution. All the great traditions of the past are bound up in Sparta who can in all fairness be described as the grandmother of the Czech game. Those who work for Sparta in the committee rooms and those who shout for her on the terraces are equally convinced that every year Sparta should be champions because of some god-given right.

To understand some of Sparta's special problems it is necessary to watch her players train and to see her team play. The day I attended a training session the three established forward stars were all absent. Kvasnak, Masek and Mraz were "injured". The rest of the squad responded like very willing sheep to the instructions of coach Vaclav Jezek and for two hours they trained. Almost everything they did was done with a ball and at a leisurely pace. A medium weight training Mr. Jezek told me.

Standing back, apart from the players I could see it all. Kvasnak, Masek and Mraz were absent and those present were not going to give anything more than they must. Before the gaze of Jezek the players gave something like 80%—enough for the tail end of the season—but behind his back the figure slumped to 5%. In my view this training session did the players more good than had they spent the time supping beer or laying about at home but it was far from being an adequate preparation for competitive play.

Mr. Jezek knows it, of course, but his position at Sparta is a difficult one. Like everyone else associated with Old Lady Sparta, he loves her and he knows that if he tries to change her then he will have to go.

To see Sparta play is an education in itself. Talented players—in many cases, very talented players—producing a lot of rubbish. The most wasted talent of all is Andrej Kvasnak, the current King of Letna, who strolled through the game I saw like a monarch inspecting the grape harvest at Vinohrady. Knowing that the success of the harvest would determine the quality of the wine he drank next year, he forced himself to show interest but he wasn't interested enough to get off his horse and inspect the grapes closely.

Strong man

What Sparta need is a strong man in command who knows nothing and cares less for the Old Lady. Such a man like Anton Malatinsky of Trnava would call the players together at the start of his first training session and publicly announce that Kvasnak and Masek would be playing with the third team for the next month and this being so they could train with them. When they had returned to the changing room, the boss would then ask the other players if

● *Continued overleaf*

● *Continued from previous page*

anyone else wanted to play for the third team?

Too hard

Then he would begin and the players would sweat—even at the end of the season because the boss would want them all to know who was the new King of Letna. The players would complain that the training was too hard. "We are only amateurs" they would protest . . . and it would be explained to them that the coach is giving 100% to this training session and when he works then EVERYBODY works!

Of course such a man wouldn't last a fortnight in the home of grandmother Sparta, and this is why I cannot believe that professionalism will make much difference to the club. If the past belongs to Sparta, then the future belongs to the young.

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Quite the best game I saw during my brief visit was that between Spartak Trnava and Jednota Trencin. First and second in the table the two teams fought that day for the title in rain that fell all day and throughout the match. Twenty minutes before the start Trnava took the field with 12 players and six balls. After limbering up individually and working up to short sprints they began to use the balls. Pass and sprint, pass and sprint while others took it in turns to limber up the 'keeper. When Trnava had almost finished they were joined by Trencin with two balls for the customary five minutes kick about.

It wasn't a great match for this was a day on which the result counted above all else. A small town team, Trnava have spent the greater part of their past in Division II and after winning the Cup last year they were now within touching distance of their first ever championship. Too highly strung to be at their best, their performance nevertheless indicated that they are playing the new game —attacking in groups with the ball flowing quickly and accurately. One move in the first half which left right-winger Martinkovic with an easy chance and two more in the second period carved through the Trencin defence as if it didn't exist. It was all done at speed—indicating that this was the way in which the players trained.

In possession, seven and sometimes eight players moved up to help in attack. With the "front" players running laterally, those coming from behind slotted into space and when they found good space, in went the ball at just the right time and place. Had it not been such an important occasion and had not the players been affected by it, then Trencin could have been murdered.

As it was, Trnava won 2-0 and four points clear with one game left they were the masters. The next weekend they celebrated All the pressure was off and with the title safely locked away they hammered Skoda Plzen 7-0 away from home.

In a few weeks Spartak Trnava coach Anton Malatinsky will be off to Vienna for a spell with Admira-Energie. Later he will join the Bundesliga club Alemania Aachen who would welcome Malatinsky immediately if the Deutscher Fussball Bund would let them cancel the contract of their present coach. With Malatinsky's departure the first Czech professional club will not collapse but they will not be quite the same again.

In Prague, Bratislava, Ostrava and elsewhere in Czechoslovakia the players are awaiting the introduction of professionalism in the belief that they will get more money for playing football. The players at Trnava have already learned the vital lesson about professionalism:

Andrej Kvasnak, the current King of Letna. (EB)

Players are not paid for playing — they play for love, but they are paid for training, for going to bed early on the nights when their friends go out to drink beer and chase girls.

This is one of the great truths of football and when professionalism is introduced it will change nothing, except that the players will continue to live the rich full life and get more money for doing it.

● *Continued from page* 37

Canada several players were cut from the roster, including Pichioni, Escalante, Ferro and Estrada.

The Falcons' opening game in the NASL against the Vancouver Royals in Canada's beautiful west coast city was far from encouraging as they dropped a 4-1 decision in an encounter marred by the sending off of both Kubala and Ponce.

Worse was to follow as they could only draw 1-1 with the inept Dallas club, lost 5-0 at Houston and 6-1 at Detroit, while managing a 0-0 draw in New York in a game notable only for the number of fouls, totalling 38 in all.

Who could blame Toronto fans for wondering if they were going to witness a repeat of the start of the 1967 season? But it was not to be and the Falcons opened their home season with a victory.

Before the defeat in Detroit the club made two very important signings in Eddie Barker and Allan Harvey. Barker, who started his career with Sheffield Wednesday and then moved to Middlesbrough, came to Canada in 1965 and played for Toronto Roma. Harvey played with Leeds United in 1957 and was transferred to Lincoln City in 1960. He joined Toronto City in 1961 and also played for them in 1962, before moving to Toronto Roma in 1963.

Another new name was added to the roster the day before the home opener with the New York Generals, Victor Jurisevic. Jurisevic, a centre-forward, was born in Yugoslavia and in 1962 played with Sloboda, who were then a first division club. He came to Canada in 1967 and played for Windsor Teutonia in the Ontario National League, helping them to the championship.

Against New York he started with a bang, heading in a cross from Soto and adding another nine minutes later which went in off the underside of the bar. The Yugoslav also set up the third Falcons goal scored by Clark. New York came back in the second half and scored twice but the Falcons held on to win 3-2. Jurisevic has not played since this game through illness.

To date Barker has formed a very solid centre-back partnership with Iguaran and they both played a large part in a 1-1 draw with Chicago in Toronto, a game in which Harvey was also outstanding, and a 1-0 victory over the Kansas City Spurs also in Toronto.

One month after their 6-1 defeat at the hands of the Cougars, Toronto moved back into Detroit and came away with a 3-2 win on goals by Oscar Lopez who got two and Tony Lecce. The Falcons lost Richard Clark in this game with a broken leg.

Despite a definite improvement in recent games the Falcons will be hard pressed to stay away from the basement of the Lakes Division this season unless some positions are strengthened, with good class players.

Surprisingly just before the visit of Kansas City, the club released Branko Kubala, one of the better midfield players on the roster, and a position in which they are weak. To replace him the Falcons signed Iris de Brito from Kansas City, a player who had already moved from the New York Generals to the then Chicago Spurs last season.

Toronto soccer fans are amongst the most knowledgeable on this continent and therefore the Falcons have to maintain a fairly high standard to attract them. The average attendance for the first three games this year has been 6,394, up over 2,000 on last season's average.

With a winning team playing attractive soccer one feels that this would improve considerably thus enabling the club to purchase better players until their farm system produced Canadian players of the standard required for first-class soccer. When this happens the present absurdity of the World Club Championship could become a reality, but for the Falcons it is still an awfully long way off.

FLORIANA AND SLIEMA QUALIFY

MALTA NEWS from ARTHUR J. LEAVER

SLIEMA WANDERERS, by virtue of their win in the FA Trophy final when they beat the Hibernians of Pawla by 3-2, join Floriana as the country's representatives in the two European Cup competitions of the coming football season.

The FA Trophy Final turned out to be a most exciting affair and like the many key matches we have watched abroad, the match went beyond the normal 90 minutes, extra time having had to be taken before a final decision was reached.

The match was played in quite hot conditions and in fact it was the last competitive match in local soccer. The warm conditions were perhaps the most difficult disadvantages which the teams had to contend with.

Of the two sides Sliema were the more methodical. It was Sliema who went ahead in the first half with a picture goal by Cini who headed beautifully from a perfect pass by Cocks. With a minute before half-time coming up, the Hibs equalised from a most dubious free-kick given by one of the referees now on the FIFA panel, Mr. Bonnett!

Sliema again went ahead in the second half when left-winger Bonett pounced on a poor clearance by international goalie Mizzi, following a good run by Cini. Then Sliema eased up after this goal, became more defence minded and this allowed Hibs to bring the scores level. The score remained the same, necessitating extra time.

It was then clear that the side who could hold out best would be the winner, as the very warm conditions had proved to be quite an important factor.

Sliema made two changes at that stage, substituting their full-back and one of their forwards. The Hibs did likewise, changing their goalkeeper and replacing one of their backs.

The full 15 minutes of the first half of extra time proved no better than the previous 90 minutes and the score remained 2-2. Then in the second period of the final extra half time, Sliema's centre-half, burly built Micallef, gave his side a well deserved victory. Hibs almost scored an equaliser on full time, when the Sliema goalie was beaten and full-back Aqulina made an acrobatic clearance with his head, falling on his back in the process and being knocked out for a time.

By virtue of this win, Sliema Wanderers automatically become participants in the coming competition of the European Cup-Winners' Cup. Sliema Wanderers are, of course, no newcomers to either European competitions, having last taken part in the European Champions' Cup in 1966 when they were eliminated in the first round by the crack Bulgarian side of CDNA.

For the first time this year, Maltese teams are to take part in the Fairs Cities' Competition.

In the draw which took place in Copenhagen, Denmark, recently, Salonika of Greece have been drawn against the Hibernians of Pawla. The Hibs will be the team taking part in this competition as both Floriana and Sliema Wanderers will be competing in the European Champions' and Cup-Winners' Cups respectively.

The Hibernians are no newcomers to European soccer and in this year's European Cup Competition had held the eventual Champions Manchester United to a goalless draw when the latter played their second leg in Malta.

The Hibernians have proposed the following dates for this competition: September 9 for the away leg in Salonika and September 29 for the return leg in Malta.

Impressions of a soccer exile

● *Continued from page 10*

increasing degree, teams again rely on individual talents to force decisions. In other words, the game is progressing in two diametrically opposite directions. One demands 11 superbly fit athletes, willing, unselfish, perfectly disciplined, all ready and capable of submitting their tastes to an overall strategy and pattern. Teams begin to play the "whirl" that the late Dr. Willy Meisl had predicted in 1955. Soccer is now becoming like basketball, all the players moving in all directions, running off the ball, giving up their fixed positions. This is one trend.

Q: What is the other?

A: The other is that matches are still won by the brilliant individuals; teams just cannot do without them. Consider Italy without Mazzola and Facchetti, Russia without Byshovets, England without Charlton, Manchester without Charlton and Best or Benfica without Eusebio. What have you got? Good, solid teams —but no great ones. So, paradoxically, while coaches and managers are preoccupied with the task of perfecting team-work and finding new tactical formations, they will also be forced, at the same time to breed individualists. Without them the matches would be unbearably dull affairs; indeed, they could be played simply by the two managers in a clubroom, without the players, on a chessboard. So I feel that while sensible development of soccer in the tactical field is necessary, too much regimentation and uniformity could reduce this fine sport to Orwellian levels.

Q: If what you say is true, how come that despite all this European football is still so much ahead of its Australian counterpart? Or do you deny this?

A: Of course not. Australian football is miles behind world standards and will remain there until our approach to the game is altered. English and Continental teams train anything up to eight or ten times a week, Australians twice or three times. In Europe the top teams—hundreds of them really — are professionals and do nothing else but train and play; in Australia they work and train only in the evenings. Under such conditions it is impossible to appreciably improve their stamina, speed and teamwork, to polish individual shortcomings, to work out tactical moves, to practise those hundreds of little components which, together, make up a team's style.

Q: But aren't you also behind talentwise in Australia? Isn't your game still largely built on European imports, most of whom are of dubious quality?

A: True, we haven't got a Bobby Charlton or Mazzola and we aren't likely to produce one for a good while yet. But as for general talent, I don't think our supply is that bad. In fact, I'd be prepared to bet that under English professional conditions we could, within a few years, produce a very reasonable, very acceptable standard. Our aim should be to narrow the gap, not to close it in one big hop.

We have tens of thousands of juniors and many of them must be just as talented as the English or Italian boys. Where a big difference occurs, however, is that in Europe a large proportion of the talented boys come under expert coaching at an early age, while here in Australia they languish in suburban paddocks, often coached by enthusiastic fathers who were brought up on rugby.

Quite a number of these boys, even at the age of 12 or so, are "coached" by mothers when there are not other volunteers. So what happens is this: an English boy of 12 or 13, with the same natural skill and gift as his Australian cousin, starts to develop his game under expert coaching while here in Australia the other chap stagnates. This means that England has superior juniors to ours. As a result, you will also have superior seniors. This is the "talent gap" that must be closed if we are to get anywhere. And until it's at least narrowed, clubs will import players from Europe, regardless of dubious qualities. They need ready-made players because under our present set-up they cannot be bred here.

Q: In order to narrow or close the gap, what do you need in Australia?

A: A new breed of club officials, managers, coaches, trainers and even committee men. This kind of progress is not something that can be ordered administratively by the Australian Federation, it must come from clubs prepared to make a clean break with the old, provincial set-ups and systems. You need people ready to accept the fact that under our current conditions and set-up, we will always linger in a soccer limbo. Not because we have no talent but because we don't make the slightest intelligent use of it.

Q: In brief, you believe that the basic difference between Australian and European football is in attitudes?

A: Precisely. And attitudes can be changed. In order to progress, we must change ours. This in itself doesn't guarantee world class football — but at least we would be able to compete more or less on equal terms with the rest of the world. And that should be our aim.

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